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MEMORIAL EDITION

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Colonel L. O. Trigg

Will Griffith

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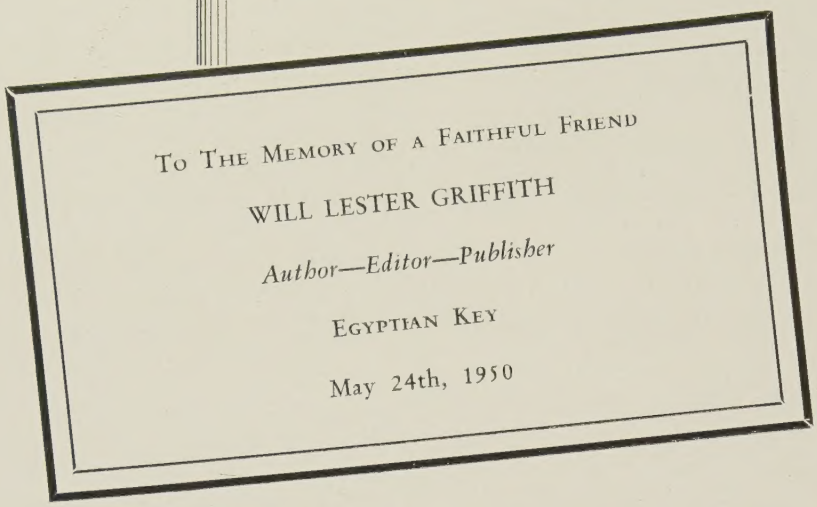

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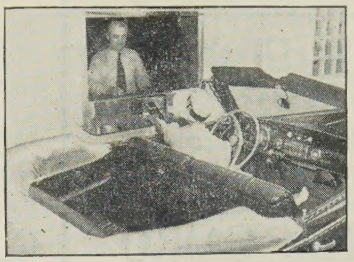

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Egyptian KEY

OPENS THE DOORS OF SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

Volume 3, Number 3 September, 1950

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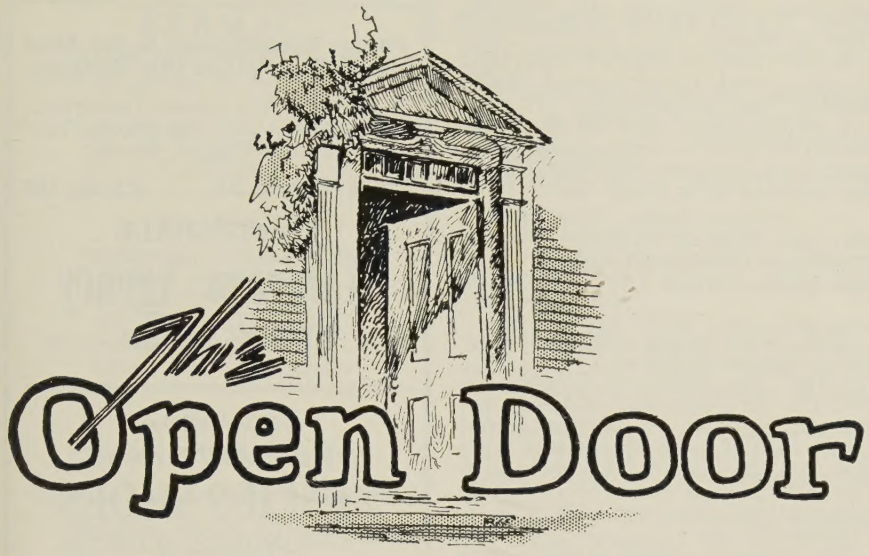

Dear Mrs. Griffith:

I don't know that anyone—by words—can cut away even part of your present sorrow. Emptiness and loss are such total things. This much I would say: it is one thing to come and live in the world a while and leave it with no mark, no bequest. It is quite another to do what your husband did. I do not pose as an intimate friend or an armchair philosopher when I say that he loved people, loved the land, loved where he lived and worked. Communities and regions would wither and fade were it not for a few hardy dedicated souls who alone seem to see their beauty and uniqueness. These people are always untiring in their efforts to make others share this devotion of often unappreciated areas. When a person works long enough and hard enough and devotedly enough—as Mr. Griffith did—this love of a place becomes contagious; gradually, others catch the spirit. They awaken to what is theirs and theirs alone.

I came to your area, if you recall, as a curious if half-unbelieving newspaperman. I left it convinced that Greater Egypt was all that your husband said it was—and perhaps more. I hope that the people who live there realize what a champion of their country he was. I am sure that this fond belief in the charms and virtues of Southern Illinois will be the mark by which he is widely remembered. He put much of it in prose, but he did more than that—he talked it and talked it, as if there were no better subject under heaven.

He will have much to do with its continued growth; you don't stop such action by a man's death. He did far more than merely come to live in the world a while. He stopped to look around him and love a place. I doubt there is any greater honor you can pay the men with whom you live than the belief in what they do and the region from which they sprang. Remembering this may not make you any less lonely, but there are few of us who do as much—and I hope such a realization will bring you some measure of happiness.

Greater Egypt should miss him as much as you do.

Larry Schulenburg
St. Louis, Missouri
Formerly of St. Louis Post Dispatch
now with Monsanto Corporation

The Journalism department at Southern Illinois University should like to express our gratitude for your generous contribution of the back copies of **The Editor** to our Journalism library.

The department should also like to express its deepest sympathy to you and your family concerning the death of your husband, who has contributed so greatly to the promotion of journalism in this area.

We shall cherish this contribution as a memorial to him.

Donald R. Grubb
Southern Illinois University
Journalism department

Since May 15th I have been away from home on a trip South, returning late Friday. In looking over my accumulated mail, including the Carbondale Herald, I was shocked to learn from the May 25th issue of the death of Mr. Griffith. Previously I had known only of his painful and protracted illness of which you told me when I was last in Carbondale.

Words are too futile to assuage such a sorrow coming to a broken home, but I hope that somehow you may find courage and confidence beyond the tears of silent bereavement.

N. W. Draper
Mt. Vernon, Illinois
Retired Carbondale educator

Will was a great Rotarian and did a lot for Southern Illinois. Southern Illinois will miss him.

I realize that in a time like this there is so little that anyone can say

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or do to alleviate the deep sorrow that is yours.

As a friend of Will's I want you to know that I lost a good friend and my heart too is heavy.

It is my prayer that the Heavenly Father of all of us will assuage your grief and anguish, and leave only the memory of a loved one.

William James "Jim" O'Neil
Governor District No. 216
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL
Harrisburg, Illinois

May I express my deepest sympathy to you at this time.

I feel that Southern Illinois has lost the greatest man it has ever known; may we all become reconciled, in that—his spirit still lives and that the honor of his name will live all through future history. It seems all too soon, but with courage —please go on!

The "Egyptian Key" must become a perpetual monument to his memory, and with the help of good friends, I am sure that it will.

Hal Morris
Chicago 37, Illinois
Illustrator—formerly of Golconda

I want to extend my best wishes for your success in carrying on without the help of the late Mr. Griffith, and also to extend to you our sincere sympathy in your recent loss. You can depend on us to do whatever we can in connection with your future issues.

W. F. Royce
Advertising Manager
PEABODY COAL COMPANY
231 South LaSalle Street
Chicago 4, Illinois

We have just learned from the DuQuoin Evening Call of the sorrow that has come to you.

Words are inadequate, but we want you to know that our thoughts are with you. Southern Illinois has lost an able and beloved citizen, and we have lost a true and loyal friend.

Will's leadership and courage will ever stand as a living memorial and example to all of us who knew and loved him. May God bless you and give you strength to carry on the fine work which has been so much a part of him for so many years.

C. W. Bishop, M.C.
25th District Illinois
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

I feel that I can no longer put off writing to you—yet the words are pitifully inadequate, as they were when I read the news of a loss of a friend in the paper.

I could not help but feel again how little I've done to be worthy of the name friend. Yet my sense of loss is great.

The gingko tree "Will" grows slowly and straight. The tree

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"Katey" has completely died, but this week, lo, a new shoot from the root—straight and slender and tender.

If there should be the least thing I can do to help let me know.

Guyla Moreland
Mounds, Illinois
Contributor to the EGYPTIAN KEY

I am so sorry to learn of the death of your fine husband. I knew he was ill but I did not know how serious it was.

He and you were associated with some very fine works and I am sure you will carry happy memories of him and your joint works as long as you live.

I enclose some extra copies of the Post-Dispatch's news report of his career. You may have some use for these.

Irving Dilliard
St. Louis, Missouri
Editor of the Editorial Page
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

It was certainly a great shock to me when I received your wire. Mildred and I want to send to you our sympathy in this loss. It will be hard for many of us to no longer see Will's hearty face greeting us on the street. His enthusiasm and eager personality were always so refreshing.

J. Monaghan
Springfield, Illinois
Illinois State Historian

You have our sincere sympathy in your great loss; he was an exceptional citizen, and will not only be missed by those most near and dear to him, but also the numberless friends throughout Southern Illinois; yes he will live on in the minds and hearts of them a long time.

Hope that you may be blessed with strength from on High to carry on at least in some measure where he has left off.

The Hoefs
Murphysboro, Illinois

He is just away
I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead. He is just away!
With a cheery smile, and wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there,
And you—oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step, and the glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;
Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away.
—James Whitcomb Riley

(Card of sympathy)
William U. Halbert
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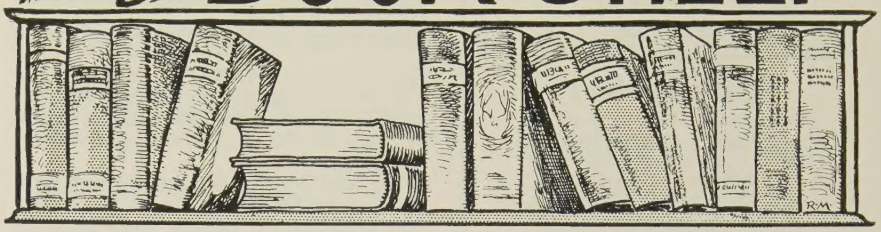

If one wants to have some honest-to-goodness fun and get some real laughs, by all means read **The Old Oaken Bucket** by Bellamy Partridge. There is a story of rural Connecticut, centering around an old dilapidated house. It is a wholesome, well written story, with snappy, to the point dialogue.

Bellamy Partridge and his author-wife, Helen, have always been fascinated by old houses particularly the old colonial salt-box type, so it is quite natural that such a house should be featured in this story. His own house is 249 years old.

The characters are very likable—each with his or her own peculiarities, problems and ambitions. Lettie Rand's big ambition is to produce a prize winning flower arrangement at the local garden club flower show, and that is where "The Old Oaken Bucket" comes in. Colton, Lettie's husband, who is an architect, has a definite weakness for rebuilding old houses. He also has some ideas about the value of fishing worms in the garden.

Andrew, the caretaker, in his unscrupulous Yankee manner, is sure that if he could sell Lettie the old Woodworth house, he could partially solve their housing problem, and incidentally assist Lettie in crashing the inner circle of the garden club. Lettie wanted the house, but there was trouble about the boundaries, trouble with the law.

Eleanor, Mary Lou and Charlie, the Rand's children, Marvin, the son-in-law, and the grandchildren help to complicate the situation.

The story is not without its love-life, although Andrew is totally unaware that Eunice, the cook, has set out to marry him in spite of what he or his maiden sister Harriet may say or think.

The rivalry between the garden clubs of the two adjoining villages adds keen interest to the whole story.

How does it all end? Just read the book and find out. The entire story is refreshing, entertaining and very easy reading.

Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York
May Dorsey

Hit Haint the Fish by Nat Winston is a side-splitting account of the hunting and fishing adventures of Tennessee Nat and his friend Lem Honeycutt in the mountains of our Southeast. Most people who spend much time communing with nature become a bit philosophical. Tennessee Nat is no exception. He says "I have been forced to the painful conclusion thot human nature air utterly sinful an' thot I air the only one I knows that allers tries to do the right thing."

Those interested in dialect will be delighted with such expressions as "gurlin brooks" and "we lit a rag down the mountain." The illustrations by Bob Bachman do full justice to these yarns.

Published by Southern Publishers, Kingsport, Tennessee.

Ocie Lybarger

You Can Always Tell a Freshman, written by Elisabeth Ann Hudnut and profusely illustrated with Marjorie Bauernschmidt's ever-so-collegiate pen and ink sketches, is a very valuable little book written in light and witty style. These two girls, just out of college themselves, have drawn up a succinct guide for the girl entering college. It covers such diverse topics as how to handle a roommate, how to conquer homesickness, how to dress for what occasions, how to keep the budget in balance and how to maintain both the social and academic life. It points out the importance of keeping healthy. It suggests how to get dates and how to behave after they're gotten. It devotes a solid section to the subject of study, stressing the fact that the days of daily assignments were left behind with high school and that in college the student is on his own. Valuable suggestions are made as to how to budget time, how to take notes, prepare for exams. The author has obviously been through the mill. When the professor hands out a list of suggested readings, she says, cross out the word "suggested" and replace it with "required." When the professor says a term paper will be due in nine weeks, start on it today; you're late already; it would take twelve weeks to do it properly.

The book concludes with a summation of why go to college at all.

Every freshman girl, and most upperclasswomen, will be amused, inspired and helped by this book.

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This Is Illinois—A Pictorial History, by Jay Monaghan, is an album presenting a panorama of historic Illinois, well balanced and soundly compiled. The descriptive materials are well handled and are of value in interpreting the various phases of territorial and state history. The emphasis in the work is definitely social. The pictures are well chosen, some of which are published for the first time. The book is a fascinating presentation of Americana and should have a broad appeal.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1949.

The Story of Illinois, by Theodore Calvin Pease, is a brief but authentic history of the State from its early European backgrounds to the close of the Second World War. Based on sound research the book is well written and is an attempt to present a short, reliable history of the State of Illinois for the general reader. The book contains thirty-two well chosen illustrations and a good index. The late professor Pease is at his best in the sections dealing with early frontier communities and institutions.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1949.

Harold E. Briggs
Chairman History Dept.
Southern Illinois University

John Adams and the American Revolution, by Catherine Drinker Bowen, is one of the year's most valuable biographies. Miss Bowen, the author of **Yankee from Olympus** in which the lusty personality of Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes was so wholly and realistically captured, has repeated her successful treatment in her latest biography. She delves into the years of Adams' childhood and youth to record the events that made him the sort of person historians and previous biographers have written about. The book opens in 1745 when Adams was ten and concentrates on the fifteen years between 1760 and 1775—the years when "the real American revolution took place: that of men's minds."

John Adams was no revolutionary, no Tom Paine or Sam Adams. He was a lawyer, a lover of order, of English law and the rights of British subjects. Like many of the American colonists, he was deeply hurt when he found that America was not truly a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations, that Americans did not truly have the rights of British subjects. The record of how he faced this situation and came to believe that revolution was the only answer forms a considerable portion of this book.

Miss Bowen's work is historically sound; her research is good. She has not yielded to the temptation to fictionalize, yet she has composed a highly readable book.

Atlantic Monthly Press, Little Brown & Co., Boston.

V. I. S.

THE BOOK NOOK
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Morning Faces by John Mason Brown, drama critic, columnist, lecturer, associate editor of the **Saturday Review of Literature,** is a new story of father and sons, a series of sketches, really, covering four years of life with his two boys now eight and twelve. Mr. Brown's writing style is deceptively simple. Despite the straight narrative treatment, he has caught the momentariness of childhood, its poignancy, its fundamental goodness even when the children are behaving like little demons. And he has caught, too, the helplessness of the parent in the face of the hurts and troubles which occur in the world of childhood which no grown-up can enter. It is a delightful and satisfying book filled with a clean, refreshing sweetness with no cloying sentimentality, but which will bring a bit of nostalgia to the most hardened sophisticate.

Those who heard Mr. Brown speak at Southern Illinois University last winter will remember him as a speaker who is as witty and charming in person as he is in his books.

Whittlesly House, New York.

V. I. S.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's **This I Remember** is one of the books which John Mason Brown, in his talk at Southern Illinois University, said that everyone should read. It should be read, he said, not so much for its political or historical significance as for a picture of a very lonely woman. The book is interesting because of Mrs. Roosevelt's unique position and frankness with which she treats that position.

She is not a great writer, but her prose is straightforward and clear.

Harper, New York.

V. I. S.

The **Standard Dictionary of Folklore Mythology and Legend** is a two-volume work covering the general field of folklore. The first volume was published last year and the second will be completed in 1950. Volume I includes definitions and discussions, arranged alphabetically from "A" to "I" inclusive, of beliefs, customs, songs, proverbs, tales, motifs, magic, witchcraft, religious ideas, besides many other observances and practices of the "folk" all over the world. Aside from the definitions, which are international in scope, the **Dictionary** includes numerous lengthy articles on the folklore of different countries: European folklore, that of China, France and others.

Folklorists of Southern Illinois will be particularly interested to know that sixty of the definitions in Volume I of the **Dictionary** were contributed by Grace Partridge Smith of Carbondale. Her work includes a discussion of "bride," "cock," "dead man's hand," "doll" and others. Mrs. Smith's discussion of beliefs connected with the "horseshoe" holds special interest for students of folklore in Egypt where the sight of a horseshoe nailed over the stable door is quite common. In Volume II Mrs. Smith will, in thirty definitions, discuss the folkloristic aspects of **rheumatism, mandrake** and other subjects which are meaningful in the lore of the people. She will also contribute thirty brief biographies of eminent folklorists, past and present. Initials in brackets at the end of the articles indicate the writers of the definitions.

These volumes represent the first attempt to present a dictionary of this type in English. All articles included have been contributed by prominent authorities in the field of folklore. The lay reader will enjoy browsing in the **Dictionary** and the specialist will find it a valuable source of reference.

Published by Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York.

Ocie Lybarger

Creative Power Through Discussion, by Thomas Fansler, should be owned by all organizations and individuals who have occasion to participate in group discussion. We cannot do better by the book than to quote Ralph C. Abele's review in the **St. Louis Post Dispatch:**

"Will Rogers, impressed with the Yankee yen for organization, once remarked that when one American meets another on the street he is likely to haul out his gavel, rap the sidewalk and call the meeting to order.

"There's an insight. We are that kind. Pity is when we are called to order in a meeting we are none too expert in getting places with group

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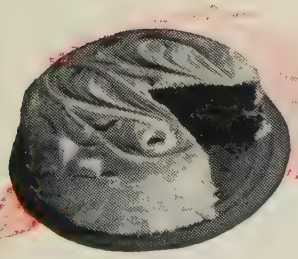

TRY THIS TESTED OMEGA RECIPE

Devil's Food Cake

Turn on oven; set at moderately slow (350° F.).

Grease two 9-in. round or 8-in. square layer cake pans. Dust lightly with flour.

Sift together into bowl . . 2¼ cups sifted Omega Flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ cup cocoa
1 teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar

Add . . . . . ½ cup vegetable shortening
⅔ cup sour milk (see note)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat vigorously for 2 minutes. Use spoon or electric beater at low speed.

Add . . . . . ⅓ cup sour milk (see note)
2 unbeaten eggs

Continue beating vigorously for 2 minutes, scraping sides of bowl often. Use spoon or electric beater at high speed. Put into pans. Bake 30 minutes, or until cakes shrink from sides of pans. Let stand in pans 5 minutes before turning out. Spread with your favorite boiled frosting. **NOTE:** 1 cup sweet milk mixed with 1 tablespoon vinegar can replace ⅔ cup sour milk and ⅓ cup sour milk.

To use Omega Self-Rising Flour, omit salt; reduce soda to ½ teaspoon.

thinking. Here is solid help. The book is addressed not to the high-pressure boys or to the chronic ambitious, or self-doubting chairmen but to all of us engaged one way or another in a wide variety of groups. It tells simply, pointedly and with ample illustration how persons in a planning group attacking a problem may be genuinely creative in their discussions and agreements.

"The author, both as a teacher at the University of Chicago and director of research of the National Safety Council, has a profound reverence for persons. He would not freeze out a group even the pestiferous 'persuader' or the debater hell-bent on his rightness or the champion set on conquest. He believes that almost everyone can be brought to learn and practice the three fundamental rules for being a good group member: (1) Listen. (2) Avoid meaningless chatter. (3) Be yourself, your disciplined self.

"He has a kind of Lincolnian faith in people. The book is compact with the solid stuff and simple skills necessary to the structure of democracy. The teacher, the executive board member, the legislator, the group leader and John Doe who read this wise and delightful book will only regret that it did not happen to them sooner."

Harper and Brothers, New York.

Sketching with Pencil, by Roscoe Misselhorn will be the delight of everyone who has an urge to draw, or who enjoys looking at beautifully done pencil sketches.

Mr. Misselhorn, the author and artist, who lives in Sparta, Illinois, studied at the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. While there, as he states in the foreword to his book, he first became interested in pencil sketching. This interest developed as he recorded scenes of picturesque places of Southern Illinois, old historic buildings, riverfront architecture, covered bridges, scenes along the old trails, or perhaps just a willow by a stream with the sunlight sparkling through. All these are in this book; fifty-one illustrations to be exact.

The book opens with a chapter on "how to," with illustrations. The correct way to hold the pencil for different strokes is shown. A detailed account of materials needed is given, also the various steps from beginning to finishing a picture.

One may not care to discover or develop his own talent with the pencil, but this is a book he will want to own for its beauty alone. Mr. Misselhorn has proved himself a master of the medium.

Bridgeman Publishers, Inc., New York

Marie Forsyth

"In Paris, I talked to an awfully wise friend of father's and he said it was dangerous to be so free, that it was like being a god and gods cast long shadows. But now at last I have my own shadow, the shadow of a

man." In these words Francis Adams Charbrier sums up the experiences which furnish the material for May Sarton's latest novel, **Shadow of a Man,** of which he is the central figure.

The Francis whom the reader first meets is a stranger, even to himself. But a visit to his father's native Paris becomes a "journey of the spirit" and he returns to Boston, the home that he has always known, wiser than he left it. He could never have stayed in France, he feels, because he sees that he "had nothing to offer them."

Miss Sarton writes with a sensitive awareness of the subtleties of personality and is especially skillful in presenting the clashes of the points of view of her characters. Yet the love affair which dominates the Parisian interlude never seems completely convincing. Possibly, as Miss Sarton suggests, there is no Solange for us to know, since she is "the person the lover creates and who is perhaps not there at all."

This book will be of particular interest to Southern Illinois readers. May Sarton was an instructor at Southern Illinois University in the summer of 1946, and she also gave a series of poetry recitals on the campus last fall.

Rinehart and Company, New York.

Julia Neely
English Department
Southern Illinois University

Newspaperwoman, by Agness Underwood, city editor on the Los Angeles Evening Herald-Express, is a fast-moving, readable story of her rise in the fourth estate. In large part it is a resume of the "big stories" she has covered and her means of getting them. These stories range from the "Black Dahlia" murder case, the Charlie Chaplin paternity suit, Lupe Velez suicide to weddings and funerals of the famous in Hollywood.

Miss Underwood's style is marked by a profuse, but inept, use of profanity, considerable freedom from the restrictions of grammatical rules, occasional departures from orthodox spelling. She exhibits a phobia against "Eastern newspaperwomen" and "girl wonders" of the press, all of whom, somehow, seem to wind up on the staffs of "Eastern" publications.

Shunted hither and yon from relative to relative and institution to institution after the death of her mother in Belleville, Illinois, when Agnes was six years old, the youngster developed a toughness and adaptability which served her well in the newspaper world. One might wish that she had devoted more space to the story of the tragic years of her childhood and adolescence, but that is not the theme of her book.

If you enjoy reading the tabloid news, you will enjoy **Newspaperwoman.** If you are a girl with ambitions toward becoming a newspaperwoman yourself, you can afford to ignore this book. Wait until Doris Fleeson writes a book, and read it.

Harper and Brothers, New York.

James Whitcomb Riley as I Knew Him by Minnie Belle Mitchell, is a detailed record about the formative days of the Hoosier poet's life. It was written in response to oft expressed desires to know more of the Greenfield side of Mr. Riley's life —more of the influence that made him the kind of poet he became.

Being a life long friend of the poet and his family, Mrs. Mitchell is well qualified to write this story. She tells in a homey fashion the many intimate incidents in the life of Mr. Riley that have not appeared in any other biography of the poet. She also corrects some false statements which had previously been published regarding him and his early home.

The story, as Mrs. Mitchell has written it, introduces the reader to the Riley family, their home life, likes and dislikes, with Jim—called Bud—always the dreamer. The everyday happenings in his life are described. There are the early school days, the days of the "Riley and Howard" store over in the shed of the old stable, the circus and animal show days in the Riley's new barn, the fun down at the "Old Swimmin' Hole" in Brandywine creek. These and many other incidents make interesting reading.

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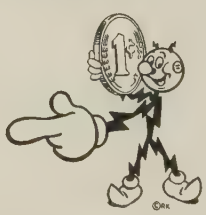

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What child is there who has not been thrilled by the poems "Out to Old Aunt Marys" and "Little Orphan Annie"—and what adult has not felt a little sentimental over "That Old Sweetheart of Mine"? There was a girl in Jim Riley's life though he lived all his days a bachelor. These poems and many others had their beginnings in real incidents in the poet's life.

Mrs. Mitchell gives a picture of the more serious side of Mr. Riley's life, particularly during the period of his struggle for recognition, and the final attainment of fame and honor as a poet. She also describes the old home at Greenfield, Indiana, after its restoration. Included are several pages of illustrations showing family, close friends and favorite scenes of Mr. Riley.

The old home, restored to its original state, stands on National Road 40 near the business district of Greenfield, Indiana. It is maintained by the Riley Old Home Society as a memorial to the great Hoosier poet James Whitcomb Riley. Visitors are welcome at all times.

The Old Swimmin' Hole Press, Greenfield, Indiana.

May Dorsey

John Bell of Tennessee, by Joseph Howard Parks, is a much-needed biography of a man who played an important role in the nation's history in the Civil War period. He was a leader of the large group of responsible and level-headed people who opposed abolition but also opposed secession. Bell was the presidential candidate of the "Constitution party" in 1860 and received considerable support from southern and central Illinois.

Mr. Parks' style is somewhat labored, but the book is sound from the standpoint of research and scholarship.

Louisiana State University Press.

Backwoods Teacher by Joseph Nelson grew out of the author's experience in the Ozark settlement of Big Piney during the depression.

Mr. Nelson is more than a country school teacher. He and Mrs. Nelson took an active part in the doings at the box supper, the shivaree, the "settin'-up" and the basket dinner. Social customs which are rapidly dying out thus come alive for us.

The book is intensely funny but sympathy and respect are intermingled with our laughter at the weaknesses and eccentricities of the characters. There is Uncle Johnny Haskins who had two wives and was so strong that he "laid out" a panther and "drug" a hundred pound catfish from the river. Martha was the girl nominated by George as the prettiest girl at the box supper. Sister Viny was not always in a "saved condition" but the Nelsons often listened to her homely advice as she rested her ample person in their rocking chair.

Customs such as "telling the bees" when there is a death, the wearing of asafetida by school children to ward off disease, the sewing of a hair from another woman's head into a wedding dress to insure the future husband's faithfulness and many others are still practiced half-seriously in this "region as large as the state of Georgia."

Especially noteworthy is the author's use of Ozark dialect and his explanation of certain speech forms which have survived the language of Chaucer and Elizabeth. Mr. Nelson tells us that he contributed several hundred items to the American dictionary now in preparation at the University of Chicago. His **Backwoods Teacher** will be of unusual interest to folklorists in the field of Ozark speech, customs and beliefs.

Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and New York.

Ocie Lybarger

Elizabeth Seifert of St. Louis has departed from her theme of the medical world in **Homecoming,** the story of a Missouri general who returns for a "publicity stunt" visit to his home town to dedicate an airport named in his honor. The theme of this book, stressed and repeated over and over, is the fact that the small town—any small town—refuses to value or honor its citizens until they leave it and gain fame elsewhere.

A reporter asks the general what he would have done if he'd remained in his home town.

"I would not have had an airport named after me," the general replies.

The reporter insists that the "quality of bigness" lay within the general and it would have come out.

The general thinks maybe so, maybe not. "But I know the small town. I know it enough to be sure a town of this size would not value—would not mark— any bigness there might be in me, if I had stayed here."

And again the general speaks: "I thought a Chamber of Commerce was organized and maintained to get people to come to a town, and once there, to stay there. Now this is my point: in honoring me, the Compton Chamber of Commerce is telling its young folk to get out of town."

However, the book will be enjoyed, not for its obvious message, nor for its intense dramatic scenes of which there are some, but for its subdued, often poetic, descriptions of scenes and characters of the Missouri village and farm. Some of the characters are memorable. One such is the general's mother who looked "mighty little in her coffin," and who "had spent her life so intent on making the world perfect that she had missed all of its joys. Ma could never see the prettiness of an apple tree in bloom so long as there was dung to be raked in the barnyard. And there was always dung."

In this Memorial issue we pay our tribute to Will Griffith. May the work he has started be continued as a tribute and memorial to him.

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There is deep feeling, sincerity, and fine writing technique in **Homecoming.** With regard to literary quality, this is undoubtedly Miss Seifert's best novel to date.

Dodd, Mead and Co., New York.

The Twelve Seasons: A Perpetual Calendar for the Country, by Joseph Wood Krutch, is a series of personal reflections—one for each month—stemming from thoughts on Nature. Each month of the year is considered a season, each heralded by the appearance of some seemingly unimportant aspect of Nature; an animal, a beetle, worm, bird or flower.

The book begins with April when the spring peeper—a little inch long frog—having just awakened from his winter sleep—announces the arrival of spring, which the author considers the true beginning of the year. Then comes the fox sparrow, and now the beetle of the genus Meloe—June and July a time of spring rain—and much ado about cats and birds.

August—"the dead of summer" giving the impression that "she" creates as she slumbers, "replete and satisfied"; "Spring has a fever and autumn will be a regret," but August is "barely sentient." That feeling of "something is going to happen" as the little "woolly bear," the harlequin caterpiller, hurries along the garden path—that air of urgency spells September—October is the "Autumn Overturn." A pause —"Don't hurry me" says autumn,—her days bright and sunny almost springlike.

The seasons pass—comes February the "one we could do without"; the very "three A. M. of the calendar." March "an end and a beginning," the time when the world is annually created anew.

Mr. Krutch, widely known as a critic and biographer, has long been interested in Nature. After years of exploring in the fields and marshes near his Connecticut home, he realized that he had something personal to say about the subject. He shows a wide acquaintance with, and a knowledge of the workings of the things in Nature.

To the average lay reader The Twelve Seasons may be a little tiresome in some parts, but for the professed Nature lover there will be much of real interest.

William Sloane Associates, New York.

OUR COVER

"The photograph of 'Sunrise In Southern Illinois' was made at Golconda. After spending the night in that quaint little river town, I sneaked out about five o'clock in the morning and caught the sunrise from the west side of the Ohio river."—Otis Hutson, McLeansboro.

Sunrise

Sung by Mrs. Robert Hill at the Memorial Service for Will Griffith

When I shall come to the end of my way,
When I shall rest at the close of life's day,
When "Welcome home" I shall hear Jesus say,
Oh, that will be sunrise for me.

Sunrise tomorrow, sunrise tomorrow,
Sunrise in glory is waiting for me;
Sunrise tomorrow, sunrise tomorrow,
Sunrise with Jesus for eternity.

When life is over and daylight is passed,
In heaven's harbor my anchor is cast,
When I see Jesus my Savior at last,
Oh, that will be sunrise for me.

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A Stepson's Appreciation of His Dad

DEAR MOTHER

It's midnight, and Kay and I just came in from a long walk along the beautiful Santa Monica-Ocean Park beach. Ann had to work late and keep a dinner engagement, the children were sound asleep in the big front porch, and it is the first warm, crystal-clear evening we have had for weeks. So we walked a long time, talked a little, but mostly thought our own thoughts, quietly. The waves were dark except where the breakers picked up the moonlight and then slipped up to our feet to leave lacy white scallops on the sand. All lights were distant; those in homes along the shore, a scant few out over the water, and the dim stars. It was a good time to meditate, a good place between the earth and sea and sky, to find balances and proportions. I wish, since we none of us could be with you tonight, that you could have been here, just for a little while. We all get strength and comfort from the quiet beauty of nature as well as from our people.

Fine as this is, and strongly as we are thinking of each other tonight, still, I wish I were with you.

Your own secret springs of strength which no one has quite understood, have never let you down, and they won't now. There is so much to be done. Already you have accomplished so much. You're the person to follow through, to keep building as you have been. I believe your decision (over the phone) to continue the work, interesting and satisfying as it is, will bring you the greatest happiness. I know that's what Dad would want, and his inspiration will help you.

Mother, do you see reason in Dad's going now? Consider it this way. You and I know in how many ways, in how many fields and in how many communities Dad used his varied talents. Yet never did they flower and bear fruit as they did in these recent years. You and Dad have been happier, I believe, in this work than ever before. Troubles, certainly; financial security, no. But in things that matter, how rich you and Dad have been! Respect and honor and love have come from acquaintances and friends all over the state, for the magazine and what it stands for, for the Association and its goals and its aggressiveness toward them—and most of all, for the inspiring man who created and guided these institutions. All these, you and I know, are so very much more important than anything else Dad ever did. His pride and deep satisfaction in each new accomplishment were greater, too.

What I'm saying is, Dad in recent years has been in work he loved, so he was successful, so he was happier than ever before. You, too, have felt this, and will continue to do so. That's important!

Please thank, for us, all who have done so much.

All our love, my darling, Your Son.
Ernest P. Bicknell, II

Los Angeles, California May 25, 1950

Courtesy Ford News Bureau

Will Griffith, Founder EGYPTIAN KEY and Greater Egypt Association
OCTOBER 2, 1889—MAY 24, 1950

The Challenge OF THE NEXT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

SOUTHERN Illinois University climaxed its Diamond Jubilee year on June 11 with the granting of diplomas to the largest graduating class in its history. W. W. Vandeveer, President of the Southern Illinois University Alumni Association, who delivered the commencement address, challenged Southern to look to "the next twenty-five years."

This is a crucial period for the University; a period of changes, decisions, the solving of problems, the setting of long-range policies, of building in terms of physical plant, equipment and personnel.

One of the problems already faced, but not solved, by the University is the constant loss of many graduates, oftentimes the most resourceful and capable, to other areas. A thing which the University has not faced squarely is the fact that, in the past, her students actually have been educated, not to remain in Egypt, but to leave Egypt.

The average S.I.U. graduate has heard a great deal about the opportunities on the West Coast, the vast resources of Texas, the beautiful University of New Mexico campus, the rich farm land of Pennsylvania, the high wages paid in New York, New Jersey, Delaware, the fine old culture of New England. He's heard something about the people and culture of these areas. But he knows little or nothing of the history of Egypt, its settlement, its traditions of hospitality, tolerance, interest in politics and education brought in from the Old Tidewater South where most Southern Illinois families have their roots. He is not acquainted with the handicrafts and thrifty habits brought in by the Pennsylvania Dutch. He is unaware of the easy camaraderie that existed between the French Catholics already in the area and the first truly American settlers who arrived in Egypt after the Louisiana Purchase. He has never heard of the clash of ideas that resulted when the first New Englanders appeared in the area and tried to impress their strict, puritanical views on the practical fun-loving "old settlers." The average graduate knows something of everyone's culture and history except his own. He vaguely assumes that he hasn't any worth knowing about.

Eventually our graduate discovers that the West Coast is crowded and that it is at least as uncomfortable to be unemployed there as in Egypt. Texas turns out to be a very big place, a goodly portion of which has as it chief resources, rocks, arid soil, and a good stand of cactus, and he discovers a provincialism and a degree of race prejudice that would make the average native of Egypt blush with shame. He is amazed to discover that the "beautiful University of New Mexico campus" is an ordinary campus with a fair stand of grass and numerous trees. He finds out that it takes hundreds of sprinklers running constantly, pumping thousands of gallons of the precious water of the Rio Grande, in order to maintain the grass and trees. To a New Mexican student coming from a desert town that has not a single tree and very few grass covered lawns, Albuquerque's University of New Mexico is a veritable Eden. If Southern's campus appeared in a similarly denuded state, Bill Marberry would be met with inquiries "What happened to the flowers and shrubs?"

While Egypt has nothing comparable to the raw, brutal beauty of the Southwest country, our graduate, in all fairness, should also have been told that hundreds of youngsters grow up there without ever having been swimming, fishing, or picnicking, that many of them attend schools lacking plumbing facilities because there is simply not enough water to permit such luxuries. Our graduate had never realized that grass and flowers and trees and a plentiful water supply were not things which could be taken for granted everywhere.

If our graduate goes East and lands one of the high-paying jobs, and it's been done by more than one S.I.U. graduate, he is in for a bit of disillusionment here too. He discovers that expenses exist which he'd never dreamed of and things which he had regarded as useless luxuries are now necessities. He has to live in a "suitable neighborhood" and it comes high. He is expected to possess the wardrobe of a Beau Brummel complete with tux and tails. He is expected to play golf with visiting customers on his afternoon off, and so he buys a hundred fifty dollar set of golf clubs even though he detests the game. The company maintains a swanky country club for its employees, dues automatically deducted from the pay-check monthly, and a golf pro is ready to give instructions to the amateur for a fee. The company holds that recreation is good for its employees, and it intends that they be "recreated." A large Eastern industrial firm hands out more pink slips for "lack of cooperative spirit" or, sometimes more frankly, "lack of company spirit" than it does for inefficiency on the job. And many people thrive on the cocktail parties and country club life, the fraternal loyalty to "The Company." But Egypt's farm boy, used to saying what he thinks and choosing his own recreation is likely to feel a bit cramped.

Our graduate discovers that a member of the United States Army or Navy is a permanently settled individual as compared to the Big Company employee who may be required to go to any part of the United States or a foreign country at a week's notice. Disposing of his present home and finding another in the new location is strictly his problem. If he has children, they may have attended a dozen or more schools before they finish the grades. They can never speak of anyone as "my childhood pal that I grew up with." Somehow the Southern graduate has not been led to consider these less favorable aspects of the high wage areas.

Peculiarly enough, Southern has not even impressed its students with its own assets. A student leaving Southern to do graduate work at one of the highly touted, endowed, Eastern universities is usually astonished and chagrined to find that there

are more Ph.D.'s on one floor of Old Main than he sees in his entire academic career at the Eastern university. The average "big-name" professor teaches few classes, while the teaching staff works for a pittance. The endowed schools of the East have long been worried about the superior personnel of the tax-supported colleges of the Midwest, but the superiority of their own institution has seldom been impressed upon the students of S.I.U.

If the graduate of S.I.U. has decided to teach in another state, rather than enter the business world, he undoubtedly has listened to the routine little private lecture by the principal which goes somewhat as follows: "Now of course we're interested in information about other places and in new ideas if they help us. But our big job is to train our pupils to make a living and be happy here in our own community. And so we'll expect you to get acquainted with our area, its problems and advantages, and to take part in our civic enterprises." In many states it is compulsory that every public school teacher have a course in the history of that state before the teaching certificate is granted. Before he has finished "getting acquainted," our graduate discovers that he is more well-informed about his adopted area than about his native Egypt. Somehow that's vaguely disturbing.

Southern Illinois University should have, and should welcome, both students and faculty members from every state in the Union and from every country in the world. But the bulk of its student body will continue to be boys and girls from the area. And the backbone of the faculty should be people who understand and appreciate the area—its history, its culture, its wares, its advantages and its problems.

There has been a tendency in the past, and a well-meaning faction seems to hold the view at present, to regard anyone from outside Egypt as superior to anyone inside Egypt. As a result, too many capable and dependable people, whose ability was well known, have been forced to find places for themselves elsewhere while outsiders have been brought in. In most cases the latter have been competent, but in others they have been less satisfactory. The practice of "buying a pig in a poke" is never a sound one, and no matter how highly an unknown may be recommended or how many degrees he may have, his actual ability on the job, his adaptability to his co-workers, students, and surroundings, is not known until he has performed in his official capacity. Southern has seen instances where not only did the recommendations turn out to be exaggerated, but even the degrees were ephemeral. Southern is certainly not capable of training all of its own staff replacements and additions, but when it has outstandingly brilliant and dependable students, it should certainly strive to utilize them; and when it has outstandingly capable and hard-working staff members, it should certainly strive to promote them rather than bring in unknowns and give them top responsibility without first having practical knowledge of their performance ability.

Currently there is a tendency at Southern to emphasize and promote Egypt, to utilize the people in the area. But unfortunately there is still a group, both on and off campus, that wishes to eliminate the use of local personnel entirely. The intention is to make Southern a sort of cosmopolitan rendezvous, an intention which at first glance appears commendable. Certainly we must embrace the cosmopolitan view; the increasingly complex ramifications of business, communication and transportation are forcing us to it, even if we ignore political necessity. But the true cosmopolitan is not, Heaven forbid, a standardized individual. He is, rather, an individual who understands and appreciates his own unique culture and who tries to understand and appreciate the different and equally unique cultures of other groups; and if he cannot appreciate, he will at least tolerate such other cultures. To try to imbue the poor student with slight smatterings of customs, values, viewpoints, from dozens of different areas can only result in confusion in which the student can see no culture clearly and has none of his own. America's greatness rests in the diversity of its thousands of areas, each with its own individuality resulting from its resources, or lack of them, its geographic location, its historical background, its people, and various other factors. Hence it is more than a little ludicrous to attempt to mold the poor S.I.U. student into a "standardized American" who can fit into any niche anywhere in the United States. He can become the type of individual who can meet and work with people anywhere in the United States, or in the world, with dignity and self-confidence and be sure of winning respect wherever he goes. But he will be able to do this only by taking pride in his own background and knowing that it is worthy of that pride.

Egypt, the people of Egypt, have developed the bad habit of deprecating their own area, of refusing to recognize talent in their own people until some other area has bestowed the laurel wreath. No other area is under any obligation to promote Egypt or her people. That is the job, and the duty, of Egypt herself. Until Egypt utilizes, appreciates, promotes her own people—all of her people, of all creeds, classes and colors—she will continue to be a backward and neglected area. Other areas will accept her at the value she sets on herself. Egypt has far more assets in which she can take pride than many another area which has advertised its few advantages so extensively that it has been made to appear a Mecca to the tourist and business man.

Egypt must concentrate on solving her own problems, employing her own people, improving and advertising her own advantages, creating her own industries. As the center of higher education in the area, Southern Illinois University is obligated to take the lead in this movement. An excellent start in this direction has been made through the extension courses; the work of the guidance clinic; the art department's cooperation with, and display of the work of, Egyptian artists; the children's theater work of the Little Theater, sponsored by the American Association of University Women; the industrial arts training courses, the agricultural and home management conferences and various other activities. During the past few years Southern has made astounding progress toward becoming a true university. She still has far to go. That is the challenge of the next twenty-five years.

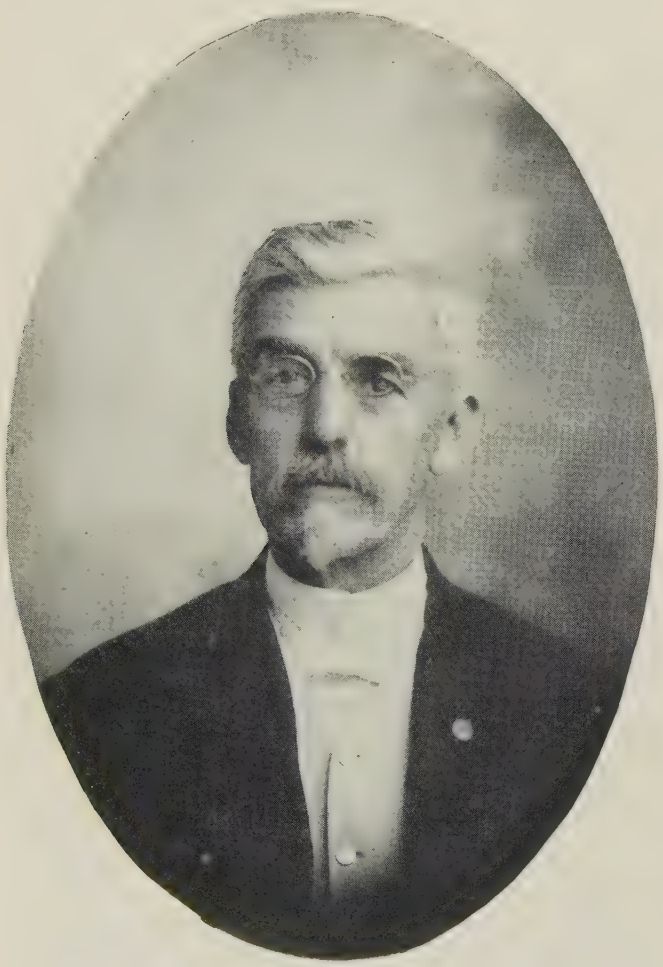
Gentlemen Wore Top Hats

By FRED W. RICHART

IN THE latter eighteen hundreds, two business men of Carbondale, Illinois, outsmarted all the preachers in chic appearance. They wore Prince Albert suits, polished black shoes, white starched shirts, black string ties, gold rimmed pince-nez attached to black silk ribbons draped about their necks, carried gold-headed canes, and topped it all off with shiny silk hats. These were their work clothes—seven days a week. And, they were gentlemen. Here the resemblance stopped.

Captain Ezekiel J. Ingersoll had been a Union soldier in the Civil War, was a jeweler who worked at his bench incessantly, a member of the Methodist Church and a dyed in the wool Republican. He had a neatly trimmed, tiny goatee. His right eye had a permanent squint from all-day holding monomagnifying glass, which he frequently failed to remove when waiting on a customer. He came to Carbondale June 6, 1859, by way of Paris, Illinois, where he had found Mrs. Ingersoll.

The Ingersolls had no children of their own, so far as I know, but raised five orphans from Mrs. Ingersoll's side of the house. Only one of these, Lizzie Lawrence, was known to me. She entered the Southern Illinois Normal University in the fall of 1883, and was the handsomest girl in school. She and her aunt had dinner (not lunch) at our farm home once. They both liked good eats and looked it. No! but they were both finely proportioned, and Mrs. Ingersoll did brag on my mother's homemade bread, yellow butter, and hickory-smoked ham.



Courtesy Miss Emma Bowyer

Colonel Ezekiel J. Ingersoll

The Ingersolls were partners for more than fifty years. Neither had a handsome face, but "handsome is that handsome does." Captain Ingersoll was the more slender of the two but they were well mated physically and mentally. She dressed as well as he, which is saying a great deal. They looked well together, and I am sure they enjoyed living. It would be my guess that they left thousands of friends and only hundreds of dollars. An ideal couple, their works did them great credit.

At least from the early seventies to the end, the firm name was Ingersoll & Sheppard. His partner, A. G. Sheppard, was a long whiskered, grey haired, jolly fellow who liked boys. I liked him because he once gave me a watch. It was beyond rehabilitation but it made me happy.

Sheppard's hobby and his method of advertising the firm was to attend all the Sunday School conventions within driving distance of town. He was always on the program and was listened to attentively for his witticisms.

The first location of the business was in a cubbyhole in the northwest corner of the present First National Bank Building, then Richart & Campbell. Later the firm moved to the west side of town, when the "Normal" became a drawing card. The last location, as I recall it, was the site of the present Scott's or Hewitt's. Here, Charlie Sheppard, dapper son of A. G., had his book and music store. The jewelry establishment was in the northeast corner, just like the present arrangement in the Cline-Vick Drug Store.

In the eighties, Captain Ingersoll was by all odds the best groomed man in Carbondale. His clothes fit. He was six feet tall. When he started from home to work his white shirt and vest shown clear down to the "square." His black silk hat set at a slightly rakish angle, and the perfect handling of his cane, gave him the air of a sage politician. Perhaps he was. When he arrived at the shop he took off his coat and his cuffs, hung them on a handy nail, rolled up his sleeves, and sat down at the bench where he worked busily till mealtime.

For sixteen years Captain Ingersoll was an able trustee for the Normal. His interest never flagged. He could make a good talk before the student body, something that could not be said of a certain other trustee of that town. When elected to the State Senate he did valuable work to further the interests of the school. He is reported to have been largely responsible for the appropriations that made pos-

Reprint from Jackson County History, 1878

Carbondale in 1878, view from Normal Building

sible the Old Science Building.

If he had a hobby it was attending G.A.R. reunions. The silk hat was always along and he always made speeches. What impressed me most was that he was everlastingly busy. I must have been in his shop as much as two hundred times. He never was idle. He might visit a little yet he never quit work to entertain his customers or friends. There had to be a sale in prospect or a meal in view if he left his bench.

Nelson W. Graham was a gentleman from the South. His mill shipped much of its flour to southern plantations for colored mammies to convert into mouth-melting biscuits. Mrs. Graham was no less a lady of the South. I do not know when they came to Carbondale. In the early seventies the huge mill

Carbondale in 1950, airplane view *Photo by Hewitt Curtis, Carbondale*

looked dingy with age although the town was but twenty years old. Being covered with mill dust promoted the aging appearance.

Graham kept fit with daily exercise walking to and from work. His home was on North Washington Street, more than a half mile from the mill. The mill stood one hundred feet south of present Highway 13 and but a few feet east of Woodlawn Cemetery. It seems but yesterday that I saw his gray, flour-sprinkled hat and suit, his six-foot-two height with slightly stooped shoulders and swinging cane as he walked briskly back from dinner. I never could decide whether he dusted his hat and suit, or let the flour remain on them as his trademark.

The big brick mill was a busy place. During wheat threshing time strings of loaded wagons a half mile long would wait their turn to sell their only cash crop or to exchange wheat for flour, bran, and shorts. Graham stood at the receiving station near the front door and personally tested, with eyes, nose, and scales, every lot of wheat that was offered. At that time all Egypt was a wheat country and milling was a prosperous business.

He could see the smut, cockle, cheat and onions by looking at the top of an open sack or as he poured the grain from one hand to the other. He could smell any musty odor or onions by sniffing several handfuls or as the grain was dumped into the weighing hopper. He was an expert. Nothing got by his keen eyes and nose. Then he weighed a sample in a standard tester for weight per bushel. When testing was finished he stated the price offered. There was no arguing. The farmer sold, happy that too much was not wrong, or hauled the wheat back home.

Only late in the afternoon, when all incoming wheat had been unloaded, did Nelson Graham go back to the office, sit down, take off his top hat, and rest for a spell. Then he would visit with some farmer who had gone to town, finished his trading, and stopped for flour and feed on the way home. In his day, I was in the mill perhaps sixty times. I can recall him setting but one time.

At another door of the mill would be hoop-poles, staves, and heading coming in, from which to make tight flour barrels. Staves and heading were shipped in. Hooppoles, made from small hickory saplings, were hauled in by local farmers. That was another cash industry. The cooper shop, in the northwest corner of the mill, was a busy place. It took several coopers to make the two hundred barrels used every day. I was always amazed at the expertness of the coopers in splitting a hooppole exactly in half at one stroke, and in being able to cut the notches so one hoop would drive exactly up to its neighbor.

There were four sets of burrs on the grinding floor (the first floor). Cleaned wheat flowed from the bins above through tin or wooden spouts and through a lantern globe set just above the burrs. This permitted the miller to see that the wheat was clean and to note the speed of flow. The miller was around quite frequently, removing a lid and testing the grist. If the fineness was not just right, he turned a screw to adjust the burr stones.

When the stones had worn until the groove edges were worn rounding, the mill would be shut down for several days, the top stone taken off and turned on its back, exposing the cutting faces of both stones. The miller and his assistants would lie across the stones pecking away with an adz-shaped tool until they renewed the sharpness of the cutting edges of the grooves. This took perhaps a week. It didn't seem like a mill, everything was so still—just the peck, peck, peck of the cutters.

These mill-stones were about four feet in diameter and one foot thick. The pattern of the grooves was interesting. First, there were radial "mother" grooves from center to the circumference. That left huge blank spaces the shape of cut pie. To use those spaces, other grooves parallel to the following mother groove were cut from the circumference to the first mother groove. Perhaps three of these shorter grooves were cut in each space. When finished it was a handsome job, each groove having perfectly straight edges.

Courtesy University of Illinois

Nelson Graham

Nelson Graham built the first electric light plant in Carbondale in the winter of 1890-91, adjoining Woodlawn Cemetery on the west, in the building now serving as a filling station. The success of the electric light plant excited the envy of some of Carbondale's "best" citizens. After the mill failed, due to declining wheat production, a depression, and trying to keep up with the Joneses (roller milling was then in fashion), he gave his time to managing the electric light plant. In that capacity I had occasion to call at his home, where I met Mrs. Graham. She was just as busy and aristocratic as he.

She was trimming the oil lamps. Although he furnished the town with electricity, it was not used in their home. He was just that set in his way of living, or it may have been Mrs. Graham. At any rate he made this remark as a sort of justification that she needed to do that sort of menial tasks;

"It requires a competent person to care for oil lamps." How true that was, and to do anything else, well.

In his later years Nelson Graham was appointed a trustee of University of Illinois, the only political recognition he ever had, to my knowledge. The university was growing by leaps and bounds. Illinois was just finding out it had a university.

Both men enjoyed political honors of the same type, in which they served their constituents well. Their political beliefs were at daggers' points. Their trades, in which both were well skilled and respected, brought them into intimate daily contact with the public. Work did not subtract one iota from their roles as gentlemen. Each was a recognized expert in his line of business, whose judgment was never questioned.

These two men of Carbondale so opposite in so many things; one Northern, one Southern; one Republican, one Democrat; one on the board of the University at Carbondale, and one a trustee of the University at Champaign; agreed upon the style of men's dress and demonstrated that gentlemen wore top hats.

Preacher Dan

By N. W. DRAPER

To me,
There is no lack for parish.
Mine is big enough, I reckon—
As far, or beyond, the bounds of this island.
I preach not like the Prophet Amos of Tekoa
To the folks of an alien land, denouncing the rich;
For no one hereabouts is rich!
But I preach Christ and Him crucified to all who will hear,
From Four Mile to the Prairie, baptizing my converts,
Now at the old Lagoon and now at Oxier Bridge—
Or sometimes, mid-winter, at a neighbor's icebound pond.
My dear wife, daughter of a New Light, and I
Have heavy charges: two boys, two girls,
And her aging father;
She the home, a cow, and garden
And I the farm and a church or so.
Meetings once a month at sixty a year
With Saturday sessions—afternoons and evenings—
The sick, the funerals, and weddings with rarely a fee.
My sermons must grow with the furrows
And the cradle's falling grain, or after the family sleep.
To the saints, I point out the meadows of Heaven
And to the wicked, the terrors of Hell.
How I love my people! But my strength is wasting away;
An ample beard cannot hide a tired face or a labored breath.

Introducing Queen Nelubium Luteum

By EDGAR L. DUKES
Curator of Edwards County Historical Museum,
Author of *Yester Years In Edwards County*

THE Yellow Lotus water-lily is easily the Queen of our native wildflowers; not only because of her majestic bearing and great beauty, but because she can easily adapt herself to the beautifying of our own home grounds.

Rotogravure and magazine sections of the great dailies of St. Louis, Chicago, Detroit, and other cities, are proud to publish her photos and give her wonderful write-ups. Great crowds go hundreds of miles to see her in her summer homes near Cairo, Illinois; in the swamps on highways near Norris City, and in Crab Orchard Lake.

In spite of all these and many smaller lakes and ponds, each locality seems to like to boast that it has the original and only residence of the Queen. As a matter of fact, she has made her home for centuries in the swamps and lakes all along on both sides of the Mississippi and its tributaries; but is being rapidly driven out by the dredgeboat and drainage canal.

Do not confuse her with the ordinary yellow water-lilies you find growing everywhere in little streams. Their surname is Nymphae. Her family name is Nelumbo and her given name is Luteum, meaning yellow or cream. Some think she is the lotus used in Egyptian art; but it is more likely theirs was the low-growing kind. Some even confuse her with the lotus tree that was supposed to make people crazy.

Hers is a proud family. The Yellow Lotus hold their giant leaves and creamy fragrant blossoms shoulder-high above the water. In this latitude they are at their best early in a July morning. Farther north, they bloom in August. Soon after sunrise you will find the big creamy buds, delicately tinted with brown and green unfolding for the day into clear yellow flowers, six inches in diameter; semi-double, with heavy, waxen petals. The petals have fallen from some that have opened in the morning and closed at night for three successive days, leaving a yellow seed-pod to develop and ripen. As a background for the blossoms, are the dark green leaves, two or three feet across; looking like inverted umbrellas, though not so deep. In the depression in the center, the dew collects, and spills out when the wind blows or a blackbird alights on the leaf. Nothing small about this lady! No wonder she gets her name in the papers!

Gathering Lotus Tubers

Her relatives in the West Indies, China, Tibet, and India, were highly respected and honored in literature and art; being both beautiful, and easily pictured and carved. Even the Deities of those lands were pictured as sitting on thrones of expanded lotus flowers. In China, the blossom symbolized female beauty. These relatives were of various colors; deep carmine, brilliant rose, and pure white. The pink lotus is known as the Egyptian; though I doubt if it ever saw the Nile.

Though she holds her head high, her feet are planted in the muddiest of muds; the age-long accumulation of decayed vegetable matter in the swamp. Instead of having rhizomes, like those of the iris or cat-tail as most water-lilies do, she has tubers that look like ripe bananas. There are usually three joined together, end to end, like weiner sausages. They are starchy, like potatoes; and were used by Chinese and Indians as food. They were sometimes pickled; but, more often, the cavities were filled with rice, and the tuber then cooked in syrup. The seed were also used in cakes and puddings; being sweet and of a rich, nutty flavor. You will be surprised, if you undertake to dig lotus tubers from a natural pond, to find there are no tubers at the base of either the flower or leaf stalk.

The life-cycle is very interesting. From each tuber that was formed last year, there arose, this spring, a leaf that rested on the water. In the center of the leaf are a number of tiny holes. These connect with small tubes that run down through the stem, to larger hollow spaces that run lengthwise through the tubers. Through these an exchange of air and gases takes place, to aid in further growth. Then an underground stem extends horizontally from a terminal bud, and throws up at intervals the tall stalks for flowers and leaves. At the base of these are a bunch of fibrous roots, which shrivel when exposed to air. The stem continues horizontally for a time, and begins the formation of new tubers; with nothing to indicate their location to anyone interested in digging them. So, if you want to raise the beauties, you should get tubers from some dealer, in the very early spring.

Do not waste time and energy trying to raise them from seed unless you enjoy experimenting. If you undertake it, file a small hole in the hard shell of each seed, plant in a flowerpot, containing rich leaf-mold, and sand or soil. Place the pot in a larger vessel and cover entirely with water. Keep in a warm place. When small leaves appear, keep enough water in the vessel to float them. Transplant them to your pool the following spring if you get them to live that long, which is doubtful. Another way is to place a filed seed in the center of a ball of mud, and throw it into the pool. It is said that is the way the Indians did. But do not be too optimistic.

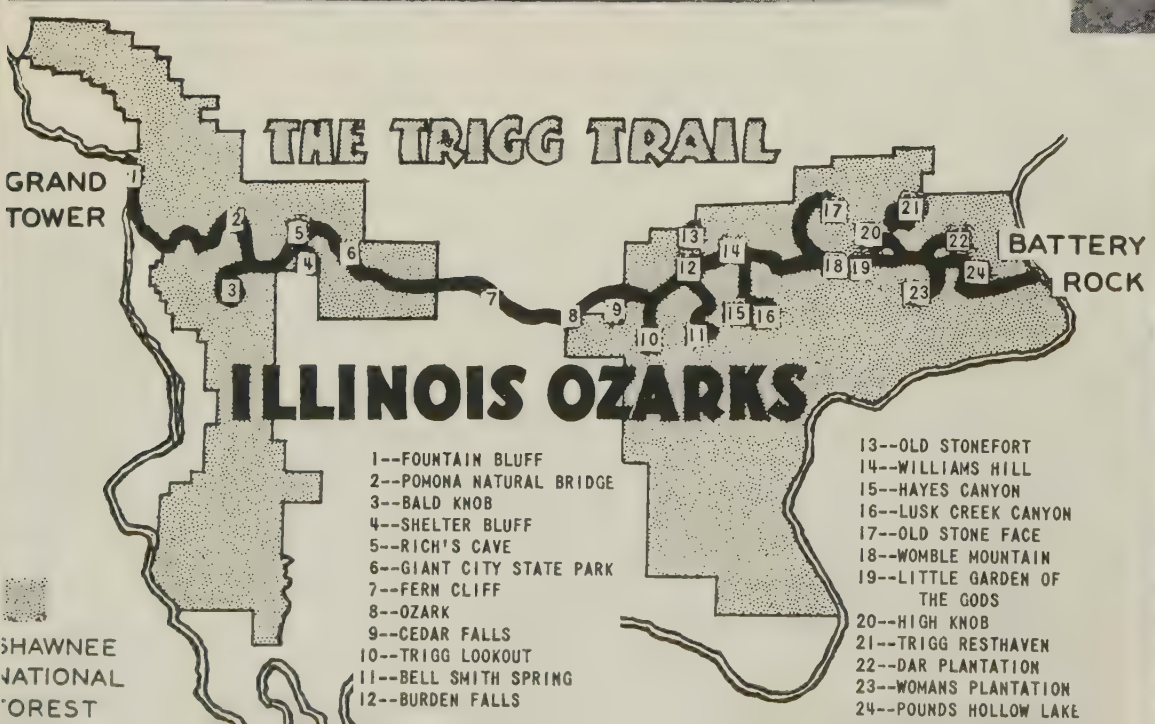
E. L. Dukes deep in a Lotus bed

Even after death, our Queen can be made into a beautiful mummy. When the big leaves are dried, they become very wrinkled. Then they can be shellacked and painted with a delicate blending of brilliant colored lacquers. Seed-pods are treated in the same way. Sometimes the seeds are painted one color and the pod a blend of colors. They are then used with other pods and grasses, as winter bouquets.

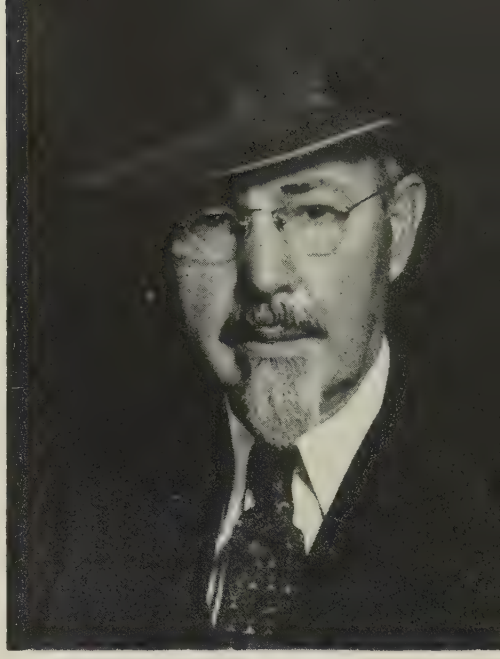
Lotus bed in Crab Orchard Lake

PICTORIAL TRIBUTE

1. Col. and Mrs. L. O. Trigg
2. Devil's Bake Oven on the Mississippi at Grand Tower
3. View from Womble Mountain
4. Map of Trail route, courtesy Public Aid magazine
5. Col. Trigg and his hounds



nbers of the 1949 tour. Kneeling: Bruce Burnett, Dr. E. H. Kupke, Roy Seright, Vessell, Dr. Gilbert O. Rausch, Rep. W. O. Verhines, Ernest Gates, Dr. J. B. le, E. L. Dukes, Max D. Lane, Lawrence E. Nelson, Clark M. Loy, N. D. Grif- Standing: James Bond, Col. L. O. Trigg, George Sawyer, L. E. Sawyer, LaVern s, Walter Williams, Clarence E. Adams, Richard D. Lane, C. F. Gergen, ge M. Davis, Fred Tuscher, Dr. Roy Keith, John Eadie, Gus Carter (hidden), ey Hoover.

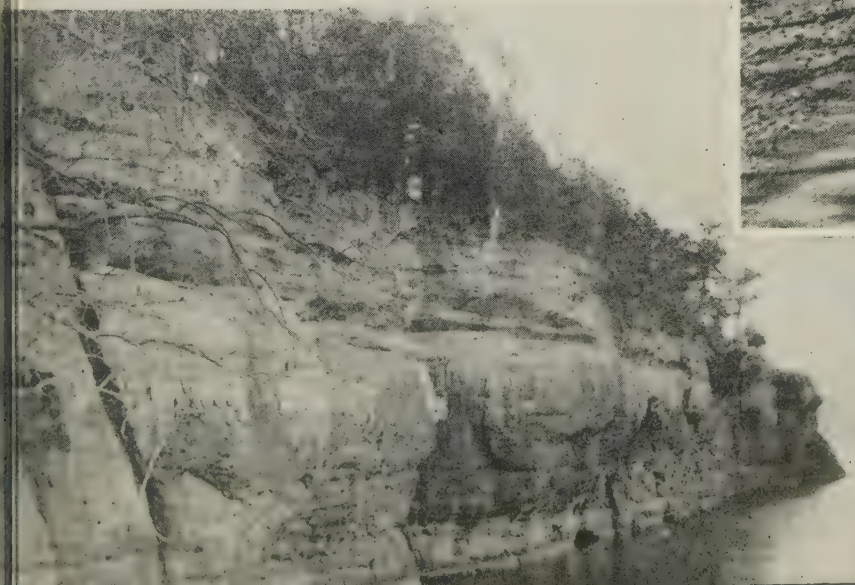


L. O. TRIGG
January 12, 1879 — November 30, 1949

"Colonel" Lindolph O. Trigg, founder, editor and publisher of the *Eldorado Daily Journal*, was a self-appointed "Salesman for the Illinois Ozarks, but not in the real estate business." The honorary title was conferred upon him by the dozens of men he lead annually on Ozark tours, each July for nineteen years, exploring and camping in the interesting rugged areas of Egypt. A movement is underway to name for him the ridge road which will parallel Highway 13 from the Mississippi to the Ohio through our scenic hills.

ht, A stretch along Trigg Trail
ow, left, Eastern terminus, Battery Rock on the Ohio
ht, "Resthaven," the Trigg country home

All pictures, pages 24-25, courtesy W. H. Farley, Harrisburg



Hills of Pope County

By A. H. WHEELER

I SHALL always love the hills of Pope County. Here, high on a windy hill, I grew up. When I was just a small boy, I often stood in our front yard and watched the rain clouds. Far across the hills, I could see the silver sheets of rain. They seemed far, far away; then suddenly the heavens around me would become dark and forbidding. When the wind bent the little pine tree near our front steps and the saplings in the pasture touched the ground, I knew then it was time to run to the house before the lightning and thunder started playing tag across the blue hills. It was a fearful sound and I always edged close to Mother in the warm, cozy kitchen as she raised the lid on the side of the stove to put in another stick of wood.

I loved my mother, but she didn't spare the rod. I was always somewhat afraid of her, but Dad was my pal. He was a swell companion. We often sneaked away to go fishing at Bell Smith Springs. Mother would think we were in the back of the pasture, cutting sassafras bushes, but we would be having the swellest time fishing in the clear, blue pool down near the Springs. We could see the fish lying lazily on the rocky bottom just daring us to catch them. Then I remember the first time I took a chew of tobacco, out behind the barn. Dad sure did stand by me then. Mother thought I was dying, but Dad never did tell on me.

Dad was always playing jokes. He made life a glorious and happy adventure. Mother always cleaned house early in the fall, for the school teacher boarded at our house and everything had to be spic and span. That was one time of the year when Dad and I couldn't sneak away to fish and hunt. But Dad got even with Mother one year. She sent him to the train to meet the new teacher. Dad hitched the horse to the carriage and took me with him to Stonefort. It was an occasion for me. My red hair was pasted down and even the freckles on my face were subdued. My high buttoned shoes and heavy black stockings felt uncomfortable, and I kept feeling in my pocket for my handkerchief. The last thing Mother said was, "Joe, see that Paul uses his handkerchief."

We shopped for groceries at the general store and Dad bought me a bag of gum drops. I can taste them yet, the sweet, colored juice dripping slowly down my throat. Finally the train came in and the new school teacher climbed in the front seat with Dad. He was a young fellow and quite handsome —sorta' long and leggy like my new colt. As they drove along, they forgot about me as Dad told him about the hillside farms along the way. "Yes," drawled Dad, "there is good hunting around here but we shoot only rattlesnakes and Democrats." And then he laughed at the old joke that Mother said was the worst one she ever heard. Her folks were Democrats from around Williamson County and Dad did love to see her fighting mad. Evidently the teacher liked it, for he laughed at the right time. I thought he might get mad like Mother. Finally Dad lowered his voice to a confidential tone and began to talk to the teacher about Mother.

"You should know," he told the teacher, "my wife, Ida, is very hard of hearing so you will have to raise your voice considerably when you talk to her." I wondered about that but said nothing. "You see," Dad went on, "she is very sensitive about it, so be careful that she hears everything you say." Mother had taken off her white apron and her hair was smooth and shiny. I thought she looked beautiful with her cheeks all pink from the heat of the stove. And then Dad introduced her to the new teacher. "So delighted to meet you," yelled the teacher. Mother looked puzzled and surprised, but she replied softly and in her politest tone, "The pleasure is all mine." I knew then that for some reason she didn't like the new teacher.

The teacher and Dad carried on most of the conversation during supper. Mother still looked puzzled and hurt, for every time the teacher asked for more butter or another hot biscuit, he would simply yell. Dad had the same look on his face that my dog had when he got into mischief. The teacher was tired, and soon after supper he went to his room. We sat before the big stone fireplace, toasting apples and eating hickory nuts. Somehow, I could never seem to get enough to eat. Mother was patching my pants. I don't know why, but every time I rode a sapling, my pants would get another tear and I was due for another whipping. But I did love to ride saplings.

"Well, Ida," said Dad as he cracked another hickory nut, "how do you like the new teacher?"

Mother paused in her mending and gave the needle a vicious jab into the seat of my pants. "I don't like him, Joe. Why, the man must be crazy. He yells at me like a wild Indian. I don't want to keep him. He has no manners at all."

Dad looked at her over the top of his spectacles and the corner of his mouth began to turn up. Then he began to chuckle and finally he was roaring with laughter. Mother's face got redder and redder and I knew she was plenty mad. "Why, Joe," she stormed, "did you tell that man I was deaf? I'll get even with you—you . . . !" But Dad just laughed.

About that time the teacher stuck his head out the door to see what all the fun was about. And he joined in laughter, too. Gee, he was a swell fellow. We had lots of fun that winter, hunting and going to box suppers and spelling bees. Even Hunting Branch school wasn't so bad. The boys didn't even try to smoke the teacher out.

Yes, I will always love the hills of Pope County. Bell Smith Springs is now a park. I sometimes go there, but it isn't the same. The old homestead is gone but in my dreams I can hear the sound of my father's laughter reverberating from the hills.

IDOLS OF EGYPT

XV.— Mary Minerva Steagall

By WILLARD M. GERSBACHER
Chairman Zoology Department, Southern Illinois University

"YOUR name should be Minerva," said Dr. Henry Chandler Cowles, internationally known botanist of the University of Chicago, to the woman striding along beside him on a field trip in botany. "You remind me of the Goddess of Wisdom."

The woman quietly replied, "My father named me Mary Minerva."

The Steagall family, residents of Pope County, came to Illinois from Tullahoma, Tennessee, early in the Civil War period. James Rayburn Steagall and his wife, Nancy C. (Hix) Steagall, were endeavoring to escape from the turmoil of the slavery question that tended to split families. The rest of his family did not share his views regarding slavery and so remained in Tennessee. Two of his brothers fought on the side of the South.

The family first settled in southern Saline County, Illinois, but later moved to Pope County, near Hodgeville. The father was soon busy clearing land and planting corn, wheat, cotton and tobacco. The tobacco went down the Ohio to the south. Much of the corn, cotton, and wheat were used locally for food and clothes.

Mary Minerva was born November 22, 1867. As a child she was kept busy around the house, running errands, helping with the younger brothers and sisters, learning how to card and spin the wool raised on the farm and, later, to weave cloth for the family clothes. These were busy days for her because she also found time to investigate the many small streams and the woods around her home.

Walking home from the small country school provided many interesting lessons in nature study along the way. Snakes, lizards, frogs, rabbits, and the birds in the shrubs and trees were not uncommon sights. The mosses, ferns and other vegetations were close at hand for observation. The common names of these plants and animals were known to her. Later she returned to the hills of Pope County to study her old familiar friends under their scientific names.

The country school at Hodgeville and one year of high school at Golconda were behind her when at seventeen she taught her first school under a first grade certificate. After four years of teaching in Pope County, she enrolled at Illinois Normal University, Normal, Illinois, in the spring of 1889 where she once said, "All good Pope Countyites were accustomed to go in those days."

It was during her years of teaching in Pope County that romance entered her life. Young, handsome Loren Hodge and she were engaged and made tentative arrangement for their wedding, which was to be held as soon as he completed the work for his medical degree in Philadelphia. But the plans were never realized. Fate intervened. Gold was discovered in the Klondike and young Dr. Loren returned to Pope County from Philadelphia with plans and hopes of making a fortune quickly in far-off Alaska. Wedding plans were delayed so that Dr. Loren and four of his friends might try their luck at mining. It is known that the party reached Alaska. What befell them later was never known, as none of the party was ever heard of again. What plans the young couple must have made! What sorrow there must have been as young Mary Minerva bade young Dr. Loren goodby when he departed for the Klondike. What anguish there must have been when no news came from Alaska! Hope for Loren's return must have lingered long, because marriage apparently was never again considered by Mary Minerva. Years later a monument was erected to Loren's memory. One day as she was cleaning the family lot in the cemetery she said to the little girl helping her, "I feel that he knows."

Her first high school teaching was at Robinson, Illinois, in 1890-91, after which she spent a year teaching at Shawneetown. At Shawneetown she was hired as principal of the high school but "older teachers tried to take over when they found that she was so young." After another year teaching at Robinson, and another year in school at Normal, she became principal of the high school at Henry, Illinois, where, in her own words, "The most unsatisfactory year of my life was spent in order to learn that in a school system, without cooperation, all good efforts go to waste."

The year 1895-96 was one of the happiest periods of Dr. Steagall's life. She was back in school again at Normal and as she said, "in Fairyland." In talking about this years later she said, "The companions of that year were fairies and still are. Even at this time they are not recognized as real people." The year was climaxed by commencement and graduation. After commencement in 1896, while at Shawneetown doing Institute work, she was invited to act as principal of the Chester, Illinois, high school. Here, three very happy years were spent, after which she entered the University of Chicago on the long tedious journey which ended in the Doctor of

Philosophy degree. All but nine credits of her Normal work were used for high school credits and she found herself a freshman.

Here she was somewhat disturbed by the courses to be taken and the majors to be followed. Again we have her explaining this period: "Mathematics, German, and Latin were favorites. Could not major in mathematics, for fear of becoming as exacting as

Mary Minerva Steagall in 1905

Miss Hartman had been with us. Yet I adored Miss Hartman. Miss Ballou of the University of Chicago early took out of the Latin all the pleasure that Dr. Barton, Dr. Manchester, and dear Miss Potter had put into it. Philosophy pleased but did not satisfy me; so I turned to Science, whose material fascinated me, but whose methods and laboratory had been detested. Here to the following professors my heart was completely lost: Young, Dewey, Salisbury, Angell, Child, Milligan, Gale, Barnes, Land, Jackman, Cowles, Chamberlain, Allee, and Moore. Fairyland again!"

For the next eight years Miss Steagall taught at the Normal School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, during the winter and went to school at Chicago in the spring and summer. She received the Bachelor of Education Degree in 1905 and that of Bachelor of Philosophy, with honors, in 1906.

The fall of 1908 found her at Southern Illinois Normal University in Carbondale, a critic teacher in the training schools. In 1910 she was transferred to the mathematics department and again transferred to the Department of Biology in 1913. It was a hard decision for Miss Steagall to make. Mathematics had always fascinated her and the appeal of biology was great.

The fall of 1913 and spring of 1914 were also momentous years in the nation's affairs. Unrest was in the air. In 1912 Wilson was elected President. Taft had been the Republican candidate. Many people wanted "Teddy" Roosevelt, and so the Progressives or Bull Moose party had come into action. Mary Minerva Steagall was chosen as candidate for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction on the Bull Moose ticket in 1914.

"Come in, the water is fine and the branch is long and wide.

"If you and Miss Grote and I are the candidates I am sure there will be a generous, open, fair campaign. Of course I had hoped that the Progressives would not put out a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction but that was too much to expect and was, as you say, entirely *political*. Since there is to be a Progressive candidate, I am delighted to know that you are to be the candidate. We are all good friends now and will be so at the end of the campaign."

So reads the letter from Francis G. Blair, the Republican candidate. R. C. Moore was the Democratic candidate.

In this campaign Medill McCormick was national committeeman and Harold W. Ickes, chairman of the state committee. Raymond Robbins was the Progressive candidate for senator.

The campaign was a warm one. Robbins campaigned in Illinois and especially in Egypt as the "Miner's Friend." "Teddy" Roosevelt came to Illinois to campaign for the Progressives. Miss Steagall was invited to join Colonel Roosevelt's special train at Marion and spent at least two days campaigning with "Teddy" in Southern Illinois.

Miss Steagall was very active in the campaign making speeches for the party whenever called upon. The *Chicago Tribune* of August 11, 1914, said, "All of the Progressive state candidates are said to be excellent speakers, and qualified for effective 'Stumping' with Mr. Robbins. Miss Steagall, especially, is highly spoken of as an eloquent speaker." Medill McCormick was so impressed by her ability to make speeches that she was placed on a state-wide list of people available to talk for the Progressive Party, and her itinerary sounded like a roll call of the towns and cities of Illinois.

Throughout the campaign, Miss Steagall's platform was:

Education first. No politics in school control. Educate all. The best is none too good for the people of Illinois. Bring up the rural schools to city standards—it can be done. Cheaper text books. Her campaign was very intensive but when the smoke of battle had cleared, not one Progressive was in office.

On November 9, 1914, Francis G. Blair wrote Miss Steagall, "I thank you for your congratulations. As said to you in my letter, I knew that we would be just as good friends at the end of the campaign as we were at the beginning."

Upon the conclusion of her unsuccessful campaign for Superintendent of Public Instruction, Miss Steagall again turned to her classroom work and field trips throughout Southern Illinois and surrounding areas in Kentucky, Tennessee, and

Missouri. She became interested in soil acidity and its relation to earthworms. This interest culminated in a thesis presented for the Master's degree in 1923. Later the study of soil acidity and the distribution of ferns led to a doctoral thesis on that subject, which was presented for the degree at the University of Chicago in 1926. The collection of her materials on ferns took her to practically every portion of the state so that she was familiar with most of the beauty spots and natural areas of Illinois. To her the plants and animals were friends which she delighted in talking about to her associates. Photographs and lantern slides of her discoveries afforded the basis for many interesting discussions. Her fern studies soon made her nationally known among fern lovers. Many letters inquiring about ferns came to her and at least twice she presented papers by invitation on this subject at national meetings.

In her studies of ferns she found the filmy fern, *Trichomanes Boschianum* Sturm, growing at Jackson Hollow in Pope County. This is the only known scientific record of this fern for the state.

Many of her best friends did not realize that Miss Steagall's study of ferns was only a sideline of another subject originally intended for her doctor's thesis. Her entire set of notes and writings on her original subject were "lost or stolen." This she seldom talked about, although she had decided suspicions as to what happened to them.

In her early ramblings over Southern Illinois, before hard roads became common, it was her custom to go by train to the nearest station in the locality she wished to work, then by horse and buggy to some country home where she would secure room and board for the period she wished to stay. Then on foot she would wander through the surrounding countryside. Frequently, these trips were made into almost uninhabited areas of Southern Illinois. On these trips she always carried a loaded pistol. According to Dr. Steagall it was necessary to use the pistol but once. That occurred in an isolated spot where she had been advised not to go. On that particular morning she had proceeded some three or four miles in the forbidden direction when she heard a great noise and commotion some distance ahead of her. Remembering the warning, she stopped, dug a few plants, and then turned back toward the direction from which she had come. After going three or four hundred feet she fired into the air with her gun—"Just to show them that I was not afraid," she said. When the people with whom she was staying asked if anything unusual had happened that day, she replied, "Oh, I heard some big varmint in the woods," whereupon they laughed. Later she found out that there were several "moonshiners" in the area and that she was getting too close to one of their stills.

Dr. Steagall's influence on Southern Illinois University cannot be measured by years. Her enthusiastic teaching had such an effect upon the University and Southern Illinois that it can never be realized fully. As a result of her lifetime spent at the University, one can look over Egypt and find some former students of hers in almost every town. They are among the more successful doctors, busi-

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nessmen, and teachers.

More than three hundred students worked out majors or minors in zoology while she was teaching in the University. Of this number, more than half have completed work for advanced degrees in other universities throughout the country. About one hundred have entered the medical profession. Other thousands were in her classes at the University, but have gone into other fields of work. These persons probably will never cease to wonder at the intricacies of nature Doctor Mary unfolded before them. The solid basis of zoology which her pre-medical students received proved to be invaluable to them later. One student in medical school in talking about how the boys were worrying about their "exams" said, "I told them that if they had had the old white-haired lady that I had for zoology, they wouldn't be worrying about the exam." They will never forget some of her advice. "Be meticulous; be accurate," is still in their ears. No doubt they also remember some of the lighter side, like the time when they were all puzzled by one particular bone in a human anatomy identification test. Doctor Steagall finally laughed and admitted that it was an elephant tooth.

Dr. Walton of Philadelphia, a world tour acquaintance, with Dr. Mary

Her students will never forget the vigor with which she led their zoology field trips. They will always remember her in her suede leather jacket, tan knickers, high-top boots, maroon felt hat with a feather and carrying a knapsack or vasculum, a trowel and a camera. She could easily outwalk any of the students. Coming to a barbed wire fence, which could not be climbed easily, she would lie down on the ground and roll under the wire. She was always insistent that each person carry his share of the load. Her philosophy was best expressed when one of the boys attempted to take her knapsack saying, "Let us boys carry this for you." Dr. Steagall held firmly to the knapsack and replied, "Humph! I'm one of the boys!"

She took her classes on field trips to Reelfoot Lake, Tennessee, Big Springs, Missouri, as well as to points of interest in Southern Illinois. These trips were always well planned, with interesting but hard work. Nevertheless, lighter moments occurred. Some students will remember the time they found mushrooms by the bushel up on Cemetery Hill just east of Carbondale. Dr. Steagall invited the class to her home the next morning and served steak and mushrooms. Others will remember the field trip to Cairo and Mounds City. After a long hard day the class came to Mounds City and discovered a show-boat on the river. Many had never been on a show-boat and asked if they might stay for the night's performance. Dr. Steagall then told them that she had engaged dinner for everyone at Ullin and that they would have to go back to Ullin. After dinner she returned to Carbondale, leaving the majority of the class. The next day she regretfully said, "I wanted to go also, but I just had to keep an engagement in Carbondale."

On a field trip to Reelfoot Lake, Tennessee, another interesting incident occurred. The class was just returning from a boat trip for study of water birds. All but Dr. Steagall had got out of the boats, when one of the caretakers grabbed hold of the boat saying, "I'll up her," meaning that he would pull the boat up on the dock. With that he gave a pull, and the chair in which Dr. Steagall was sitting tipped backward letting her fall flat in the boat. From her awkard position in the bottom of the boat, Dr. Steagall instantly exclaimed, "You'll have to up her again." For years her zoology class opossum banquets were annual affairs.

Her students never ceased to be amazed at her tremendous vitality. Many of them can remember the time that they and Doctor Mary had to wade through water up to their necks to get to the heronry down at Reelfoot Lake. And some will remember the time when they got lost, and followed along behind their Doctor Mary as she led them to their bus through shoulder-deep water.

Many alumni and older faculty members of Southern no doubt remember the old May Festivals that were sponsored by the Physical Education Department. They were costume affairs, and the people gathered in the field east of Old Main, where the gymnasium is now located. Doctor Mary was asked to do an Indian War Dance, in costume, at one of these festivals. This she did, and "stole the show."

Many of the men remember their first day in one of her classes. They can still picture that strong face, whose smile somehow told them that this "woman teacher" would be all right. Many of the women remember how nervous they were when they saw her as she entered the classroom for the first time. Her tall frame, piercing brown eyes, and determined nose and chin made her look severe. It was only a few weeks until they, too, realized that she was destined to become their favorite instructor, but some of them will never admit that she was not partial to the boys.

Her classroom work was conducted in a lecture-question method. Frequently students that might not be paying strict attention were suddenly startled by a question directed at them. If the answer was not correct, the question was quickly passed to another person with the remark, "You didn't do so well on that question."

Dreaded were her examinations which were always considered hard, and great was the hurry to cram last minute information when the students arrived at the classroom to find Dr. Steagall writing long lists of questions and clipping them apart with long shears. They knew that Dr. Steagall was planning on securing her weekly oral grade that day.

She always seemed to see the good things in a student—more so than the average teacher. By patience and encouragement she brought out the best that was in him. "Always give the student a little better grade than he expects. It will encourage him to better efforts," she told her student teachers.

In disciplining students Miss Steagall did so in a very quiet but dreaded manner. It was not so much what she said, as the maner in which she said it, that was effective. "I expected better things of you, John," or "You have enough gray matter so that you shouldn't have to do a thing like this," or, "You had better read that lesson again," always gave the student the feeling that he had really "fallen from grace."

Although she expected good work from her students, she was always willing to go out of her way for them. Many long hours out of class were spent on projects in which they were interested. Many nights the lights burned until midnight on Third Floor, Old Science, while she helped students in their laboratory work, and many Saturdays were spent in investigating field projects which some one had mentioned.

Frequently students were indebted to her for small loans or gifts, made in such a way that the student believed that he was really doing her a favor in accepting them. Many a student, financially unable to buy a school annual or pay for a ticket to some school dinner, would find that Dr. Steagall had three or four annuals, or tickets, that she couldn't possibly use, and he would leave with the feeling that he had saved one of the books from the waste basket or some food from being uneaten.

She was made senior advisor in 1924, a position she held for many years. She took a very personal interest in her seniors, working long hours to help them solve their problems. That the students appreciated her work is shown by the fact that when Honors' Day was initiated in 1937, and when Pres-

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ident Pulliam explained to the students that he hoped that they and the faculty would consider the selection of the speaker for this day one of the greatest honors that the college could bestow upon the speaker selected, the students chose Dr. Steagall as the first Honors' Day speaker. The *Egyptian* of April 29, 1937, in reporting the talk said: "With a dignity becoming her record, Dr. Steagall traced the history of state-supported college education, (including the establishment of S.I.N.U.), and predicted a great future for education. 'The day of education is just dawning—we shall rise to greater heights in that field than we ever dreamed.'"

The students were not Dr. Steagall's only friends. She was called by many the "Peacemaker of the Faculty" and could frequently be found trying to work out compromises between conflicting faculty views. She always tried especially hard to make the new teachers feel at home. In this way she left her mark on many of today's faculty at the University.

When she retired in 1938, after thirty years of enthusiastic teaching at Southern, over one hundred of her former students gave a dinner for her and presented her with a book of more than two hundred appreciative testimonial letters, voicing the high esteem in which she was held by students, associates, and friends.

It was her custom, when a child was born to one of her former students, to send some gift, usually money, for the new "grandchild of the department" as she called it. On one occasion Doctor Mary had given a young man a "B" as the final grade in an embryology course, and the young man thought that he had earned an "A." Years later, Dr. Steagall received a notice of the birth of a baby boy to this young man and his wife. At the bottom of the birth announcement was the question, "Now do I get that 'A'?" The usual congratulatory note and money was soon on its way with the notation, "For 'A' boy!"

What made Doctor Mary Minerva Steagall even more amazing was the fact that her enthusiasm extended to activities outside of her classes. Her civic interests were wide. She was interested keenly in community problems, and active in local and state clubs of various kinds. Upon the establishment of a park board for the city of Carbondale, she became a charter member. After her retirement from teaching, she was chairman of a committee to lay out nature trails for Giant City State Park. She edited six bulletins on the natural phenomena to be found in that park at each season of the year.

As a member of the National Committee on Conservation and Preservation of Natural Areas, she had an important part in helping the Ecological Society of America set aside as national monuments and parks many undisturbed areas valuable for scientific study. These areas are scattered throughout the United States.

Everywhere that Dr. Steagall went, she carried a trowel and a camera. She always brought back plants and pictures from all the places that she had visited. Another of her hobbies was gardening. Her garden, always well cared for, was open at all times to everyone, and gifts of bulbs, flowers and plants

went to all her friends.

With all of her activities, she was never too busy to take on another task. She spoke before many local civic clubs and, as a member of many scientific societies, frequently presented papers at state or national meetings of these societies.

Later in life—when the Jackson County Country Club opened—Dr. Steagall learned how to play golf. For many years she entered into this game in her usual enthusiastic manner.

In her earlier days she studied music and painting. Although she did not do very much oil painting, she did spend much time with china painting.

She did not leave religion out of her life. It was an active part of her everyday activities. For many years she taught the Women's Bible Class in the Sunday School of the First Presbyterian Church of Carbondale. Her former students at the University remember that in her classes she left them with the idea that a great divine Power was back of everything. Somehow, she managed to make man seem insignificant, even after just having demonstrated to her students the intricacy of the human body.

She was also active for many years in the South Side Book Review Club, which was originally composed of persons living south of the Southern campus. Dr. Steagall and her sister, Mrs. Melissa Hodge, with whom she was living, were among the first "outsiders" taken into the club.

In Dr. Steagall's makeup, there was one inconsistency—a very decided one. Although she tried for perfection in everything else, she was not a good automobile driver. It is easy to find a reason for this. In her younger days, she just sat in the buggy behind "old Dobbin," and he took her where she wanted to go. She would drive along, gayly talking to the other passengers, not paying the least attention to the road. That was exactly the way she drove a car. Her interest in nature might also have been a reason for this inconsistency. She often would point out to other persons in the car birds, specimens of plants, or points of interest as she was driving along, forgetting that the car would not keep on the road of its own accord. Her usual remark as she rounded a curve was, "Oops, I made it!" Her students were scared while riding with her, and they made no effort to keep it from her. As the class climbed into the cars to start a field trip, the last ones had no choice but to ride with her.

In 1930, Dr. Steagall was on her way to Europe when the law of averages caught up with her. In a serious automobile accident, which occurred in Ohio, she received a very painful injury. As a result of this accident she was in bed for many months. Her office and classroom were on the third floor of the Science building, and the University administration prepared to move them to the first floor. She would not allow this, and so, as soon as she was able, she returned to her third-floor classroom. She was carried up to her room each morning, and placed on a cot from which she taught. Miraculously, but not surprising to anyone who knew her, she recovered sufficiently to complete the European trip which she had started a year before.

Miss Steagall was an experienced and untiring traveler. She had the mark of a truly educated per-

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son—the ability to put thoroughly at ease all persons with whom she was associated, no matter who they were. She spent almost every vacation traveling: in every state of the United States—except the Carolinas—Canada, Alaska, Mexico, Europe and many other countries.

In 1938, at the age of seventy-one, she went on a world tour with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Reef of Carbondale. In a small book, entitled "My Trips," are the notes that she took while on the tour. This book pictures Doctor Mary Steagall far more clearly than anyone else ever could hope to do. Her notes display a wide range of interests, especially in history. On this trip she visited temples, theaters, farms, museums, aquariums, market places, natural wonders, and gambling casinos. She calls Monte Carlo, famous for its gambling casinos, "the most beautiful and probably the most tragic place on earth."

Her sense of humor is illustrated by these notes that she took while in South Africa. "The British once offered a reward for rats. Natives caught them, cut off their tails, and sold them to the British. They let the rats go, to grow more tails."

In India, her group was given this philosophy to follow: "Never run when you can walk. Never sit when you can lie. Never lie unless you can sleep. He that sleepeth doeth well." When she heard this, Dr. Steagall probably looked back on those mornings when she got up at five o'clock and started on bird hikes that lasted for ten hours, and wondered. It was also in India that she met so many strange religions. And it was here that she wrote: "Religion is the response to things one does not understand; its object is to find the greatest common denominator."

After visiting such places as Algiers, Naples, Athens, Bombay, Hong Kong, and Cape Town, she wrote, upon completing her trip at New York City, "New York is the most fascinating place in the world." This statement very nearly reveals her philosophy of life. Wherever she was, she was not afraid to look about her. On the campus of Southern Illinois Normal University, she was surrounded by students. She dedicated her life to teaching them, not just zoology, but the truths of life. She had seen the world, but she would stoop to investigate a small, seemingly insignificant plant or animal while strolling over the hills of Southern Illinois.

With all of this traveling, Dr. Steagall did not contact with her family. A visit to her brothers, Dr. Thomas and Dr. Roscoe, who lived in Seattle, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, was an excuse for a trip west. A member of a large family, she was fortunate in having her other brothers and sisters nearer her. Of her sisters, Lizzie, Sarah, Laura, Melissa, and Allie, only the last is now living. Allie is now Mrs. John R. Brown of Benton. Miss Steagall's six brothers were: "W. G.", Dr. Thomas R., the Reverend "Jack", Grant, Arthur, and Dr. Roscoe Steagall.

In 1943 Miss Steagall received a second injury while in her home. She recovered sufficiently from this to make a much desired trip by bus to the Black Hills and the West Coast in the same year. It was on this trip that she went on a pack trip lasting several days, by foot and mule, in the Bitterroot Mountains, conducted by one of her former students.

She found that her vitality now was losing ground. This was the last long trip that she made. Her enthusiasm carried her almost daily out into her beautiful garden. Here she spent hours handling the tender plants, many of which she had gathered on her field trips through the hills of Southern Illinois. As she walked slowly through her garden, she no doubt thought of those trips, and into her mind flashed the faces of the many students that she had guided through the nature trails of the Illinois Ozarks. It was also during this time that she carried on a correspondence with more than a hundred former students.

It was only a day after she was seen working and daydreaming in her garden that she died—March 27, 1945. At her request, she was buried beside her father in Prospect Cemetery near Hodgeville. Here on a high hilltop from which the Ohio River can be seen, this dynamic woman rests among her beloved friends of the Ozarks.

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Murdale Airport

By VIRGINIA I. SPILLER

THE Murdale Airport, located on the New Era road three miles north of Route 13, and exactly four air miles from the center of Murphysboro and exactly the same distance from the center of Carbondale, opened for complete service on June 1 of this year.

Murdale is, at present, the best and most complete class 2 airport in Egypt and the surrounding area.

The airport has three runways, 4,000 feet, 3,200 feet, and 2,700 feet in length respectively. Twenty-seven hundred feet of the 4,000 foot runway is paved. This is the NE-SW runway, and due to the direction of the prevailing winds, it is the runway which is used over fifty per cent of the time. The 60 by 120 foot hangar, equipped with concrete ramps, houses the service shops and provides storage space for transient aircraft. Eight of the ten individual T-hangars are now rented to owners of private planes, but there are still a couple vacancies and arrangements can be made to handle any other private planes whose owners wish to use Murdale as a permanent base.

Midwestern Aero Service, fixed base operator of Murdale, holds the dealership for Cessna aircraft and also deals in used aircraft of all kinds. They report that they always have some used aircraft in stock.

The service shop is equipped and manned to handle all types of service in any category from minor repairs to a complete rebuild job.

The Midwestern School of Aviation primary flight school is approved by the Civil Aeronautics Administration and the State of Illinois. It is also approved to train veterans in private and commercial flying and flight instructor courses under the G.I. bill. There is a constant average enrolment of twenty-five to thirty G.I. students taking courses of various types. For the individual wishing to fly his own plane, the requirement is ten hours dual instruction and thirty hours solo for a private license. There is, of course, no time limit for acquiring the private license; one individual may take a year or more to get in the required hours while another may get his license during a two-week vacation.

Rental planes are available for pleasure or business purposes. There is no limit on rental time or distance. The Cessna 140 and 170 are used for longer flights, while Aeronca trainers may be had for local flights as well as for student instruction.

Charter service, for one to four persons, may be had at standard rates for any point within Continental United States, while charter flights to any point in the world, for any number of people, can be arranged quickly through cooperation with other companies. The Cessna 170, a four-place plane, is immediately available for either charter or air ambulance service, while a Cessna 195, faster and suitable for flights to more distant points, can be had on an hour's notice. Charter flights can be arranged for as little as five cents per passenger mile.

The airport furnishes limousine service to and from Carbondale and Murphysboro and also a Hertz drive-it-yourself car for the convenience of air passengers. A large parking area is maintained for the use of airport patrons and visitors.

Air-to-ground radio communication is not in use at present, but arrangements are currently being made to supply it in the near future.

Negotiations are also underway with Parks Air Lines and the

Proposed Murdale Administration Building

Courtesy Southern Illinoisan

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Civil Aeronautics Administration to make Murdale a regular stop for the Parks Air Line mail and transport service from Memphis to East St. Louis. Connections would be made at East St. Louis for Springfield, Decatur, Champaign-Urbana and Chicago.

The Midwestern Aero Service was organized in 1945 by Gene Seibert and Herbert "Rocky" Peebles and was incorporated in 1946. They leased and operated the Carbondale airport until June 1, 1950, when the Carbondale airport was closed and Midwestern moved to Murdale.

The Murdale Airport Authority was voted in September, 1946, by citizens of Carbondale, Murphysboro, and two sections of DeSoto township. Bidding was opened on the operator-manager contract, and the contract was awarded to Midwestern Aero Service, Inc.

Engineers were contacted immediately after the M.A.A. was voted, plans were drawn up for the first stage of construction, and these were submitted to the C. A.A. and the Illinois Department of Aeronautics for approval. Actual construction of the airport was begun in May, 1949, and the first stage was completed in November, 1949. The I.D.A. supervised the construction, while the C.A.A. made the final inspection and approved the airport.

Murdale is now entering the second stage of construction. Roughly speaking, the first stage of airport construction covers all essentials necessary to safe, practical operation. The second stage of construction adds convenience, comfort and beauty. The second stage at Murdale will include additional paving, additional drainage facilities, a water system, a sewage disposal plant, an administration building, and landscaping of the premises. Construction of the Administration Building will begin in the immediate future. The building will include offices, lounge, waiting room and snack bar, and classroom-shop space. The latter has already been rented by Southern Illinois University. Landscaping will be done after completion of the Administration Building.

The airport at present encompasses two hundred thirty-one acres. However, the possibilities for expansion are unlimited, since there are no air hazards such as railroads, rivers, permanent highways, etc., in the surrounding area.

In 1949 Midwestern Aero Service received the Flying Farmer award for "best airport of the year" in the Prairie Farm area of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, a national organization and the nation's biggest booster of private flying, gave Midwestern the "superior" award last year. The A. O.P.A. bases its ratings on service as well as facilities, and only eleven per cent of United States airports have received their "superior" rating.

Airport personnel include: airport manager Gene Seibert, assistant manager Rocky Peebles, chief pilot John Ketring, shop foreman Lloyd Cox, Jr., and flight dispatcher Barbara Benz.

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KORNTHAL CHURCH—A REMINDER

The Project on Will's Heart to the Last

By KATHARINE QUICK GRIFFITH

IT WAS Memorial Day, 1949. A group of thirty-five tourists—members of the Prairie Club—from Chicago—had assembled in the century-old Kornthal Church to admire its simple architecture, examine its hand carvings and revere its builders.

One of the group was an attorney, a woman. She climbed slowly to the small podium above the altar, studying the carved panel of its ceiling as she went up, step by step. There, she saw the Triune symbol, the All-Seeing-Eye, and rays of light and knowledge, pointed outward from the triangle.

As she took the stance of a pastor before the rostrum and looked out over that small auditorium and down on her fellow tourists, she was inspired and burst out with:

"Listen friends, I know of no better time or place to express our appreciation of this day. It is a hallowed day and will stay long in our memories. I want to take this time to express, to our guides, our thanks for showing us the beauties of Southern Illinois and especially for bringing us to this particular spot. I am grateful to all our pioneer forefathers for leaving us such heritages as Kornthal Church. I am grateful to the Greater Egypt Association for its thought and effort in preserving such a historical site. I am grateful to God for America, for Egypt, for this inspiring spot, for this beautiful day. I am sure you all feel as I do and join me in gratitude for all these things." So Mrs. Beatrice Hayes Podell expressed the sentiments of all present.

After standing there in silence a moment—and the rest of us below her doing likewise—there was a dignified little ripple of applause—she walked down the steps—we all went out on the lawn and stood around feeling more than we could express of the beauty and value of the sacred little church edifice.

It is the Prairie Club custom to refund, pro rata, any money that is remaining from such a trip as this group's week-end in Egypt. Instead, on this occasion they voted to contribute the amount to the Kornthal Church Fund and consequently sent a check for twenty dollars to the Greater Egypt Association.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ST. PAUL'S EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH

Translated and compiled by Edward Reischauer of Jonesboro, a descendant of one of the early members of the Kornthal church. The old church records are all in German script. Mr. Reischauer, one of the few local citizens who can decipher it today, has fulfilled frequent requests to check the material for birth and death records.

In the year 1852-53, a number of protestant families of the Lutheran faith emigrated from Austria to this country to seek freedom of religion and peace. They settled in this vicinity, building homes and starting community affairs. Being religiously minded, they began to organize a congregation, and as more families arrived in the next few years, they began the construction of a church and schoolhouse. They held services in the church in its unfinished state without floor or interior fixtures, until it was finished in 1860. It was dedicated in 1861.

The organization was incorporated January 25, 1857. During the first seven years the following clergy officiated at baptismal and other religious functions: Schieferdecker, Jung, Lehmann, Huegle, Nestman, and Eggerking.

During this early period the congregation was not connected with any synod or church body,

Courtesy Mrs. John Ditter, Jonesboro

Dedication of tower and bell, November 23, 1889, Kornthal Church, 2½ miles south of Jonesboro on State 127.

Handcarved Altar, stairrail and podium in Kornthal Church. Photographic models, Jean Hudgens and Judith Spalding. *Courtesy Chicago Tribune*

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neither were the serving clergy, who were mostly of a roaming type, some of them rather questionable characters; therefore, very little progress was made in the upbuilding of the congregation. At this time their attention was directed to the Iowa Synod of the Lutheran Church from where they were supplied with their next pastor, the Rev. H. Hempler, a true servant of God, but who after two years of service (1859-60) had to give up his work due to poor health. His successor, Rev. J. Heckel, also a true servant of his Master, did much good in building up the congregation during his six years of service. Christ Staigler was the next man to serve, or rather "dis-serve" the congregation, as he led a life altogether contrary to what he preached. The next pastor to serve the congregation was the Rev. C. Hoerig, a true and faithful servant of his Lord and Master. He did much good while here during 1869-74 when he resigned and went back to Germany where he died a few years later. His successor was Rev. Baumgaertner, a rather doubtful character who did more harm than good. He was followed by Rev. Oehlert, again a trouble maker, who resigned from the Synod and tried to persuade the congregation to follow him, which they declined to do. During part of this early period there was much dis-unity in the congregation, due in part to the instability of some of the pastors and the differences of opinion among the members relative to conducting the Sunday services, mostly minor and non-essential matters; nevertheless, causing severe dispute and dissention so that a split occurred in the congregation and a few members left and organized another congregation of the Methodist denomination, now the Ebenezer Evangelical U. B. Church, located less than two miles east of Kornthal.

In 1879 the Rev. J. Goeble was installed as the regular pastor. He was a true servant of God, but after less than a year's service he was called by his Master to his eternal reward. About that time it was deemed necessary to acquire an instrument to supplement the congregational singing. A reed organ was purchased at a cost of $121.25. John Kollehner, then a young man, studied the art of music and became the organist. He held that position until his death in 1896. Goebel's successor as pastor was the Rev. Von ZurMuehlen, a learned man, but indistinct of speech, whom the people could not understand. After two years of service he was succeeded by Rev. J. Doerfler, who also left after a year's ministration on account of sickness in his family. After his departure, Rev. Geo. Meier accepted a call of the congregation and was installed as their regular pastor in 1883. During his ministration the congregation flourished. The enrollment in the parochial school was 25 pupils which number increased to several more in the next few years. The school was taught by the pastor. At that time the pastor received as payment for his service as minister of the Gospel and teaching school the total sum of $350-$400 plus a few products from the farms, as the members saw fit to bring them.

As the widow Bolte willed the congregation her estate, the amount of about $90 stipulating that it be used towards the purchase of a bell, the congregation accepted the gift and began planning the construction of a tower to house the bell. After rejecting all bids by contractors, deeming them too high, they engaged Ernest Kollehner, architect and builder, at a wage of two dollars per day to construct the tower. The total cost of the tower was $435.23. A bell, the best in this end of the state, was purchased from the Stuckstede Bell Foundry of St. Louis at a cost of $170.00. Tower and bell were dedicated November 23, 1889.

In 1893 Rev. Meier resigned his charge here and Rev. F. Preu succeeded him. During his ministry the congregation remained in a blooming state. A choir was organized under the able leadership of Miss Anna Soergal, which did much in beautifying the services. Also parochial school teachers were engaged during some of the seventeen years of his pastorate here. After Rev. Preu's resignation, the Rev. Geo. Meier was again tendered a call which he accepted. This time serving 13 years. During this period the membership began to decline due to the fact that several of the families and young people moved to other parts of the country. Another cause of the decline was the failure to use the English language in the services to accommodate the younger generation. After Rev. Meier's resignation the following ministers served the congregation: Rev. Wm. Lammert 1923-26; Rev. E. Moser 1927-29; Rev. Jacob Maier 1930-33; Rev. N. Schott 1933-36; Rev. E. Keller 1936-39; and Rev. F. Engelhart 1939 to Dec. 1947 when he resigned.

At the 1948 annual meeting a resolution was passed to discontinue services, as the membership became too small to maintain the church. The decline of membership must be attributed to the gradual depopulation of this vicinity.

There were many baptismals administered to children from this and nearby towns. On record are names of citizens of towns from Cairo to DuQuoin. One baptism worthy of note is that of Alfred Frederick Starr Sanders Parson O'Brian, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. O'Brian, who were giants each measuring 7 feet 7 inches, and at that time, May 3, 1885, were with the John Robinson Circus. Mrs. O'Brien, born in Germany, was a relative of Mrs. Veit nee Schaefer of Jonesboro. Many confirmations, marriages, and burials are also on record in these old books and documents.

Some of the names of the organizers and first members of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, all emigrants from Austria, are:

Peter Mayr, Johann Ecker, Mathias Reischauer, Joseph Kollehner, Joseph Duschl, Paul Peisell, Michael Hehenberger, Mathias Gattinger, Johann Haberfellner, Johann Mayr, Joseph Mayer, Michael Wismayr, Joseph Animus, Geo. J. Stegmiller, Andreas Begsteiger, Michael Ransmeier, Martin Gattermeier, A. Huettmeier, Johann Niedermeier, A. Bauer, Johann Pickel, Johann Gattermeier, Robert Starzinger, Jos. Wagner, Fredrich Bolte, Johann Silber, Michael Haberfellner, Johann Meyer, Chas. Teho Fettinger, designer, and carver of the church interior.

Other members joining in the 60's: Bernhard's, Weber's, Sauerbrunn's, J. G. Soergel, J. M. Grieb, Beiswingert, Schaefer, Terpinitz, Eiselmeier, Schornberger, Duerkheimer, Mees.

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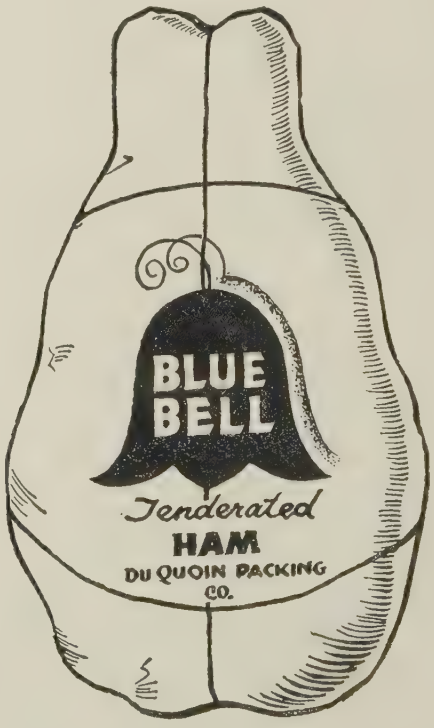

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Egyptian Starlight

XI.—Will Griffith

By E. G. LENTZ
University Professor, Southern Illinois University

The old Griffith homestead.

EGYPTIAN STARLIGHT, long a distinctive feature of the EGYPTIAN KEY, was one of the many ideas which gave the late Will Griffith the appropriate title "Idea Man." Many subjects of Will's generous encomium upon native "Egyptians" were contemplated but certainly no tribute in which he was the subject would have passed his editorial scrutiny. Will was just naturally shy of tributes to himself. It was part of the character of this man of visions who was not visionary. He had the gift of putting ideas to work and letting the fruition speak for itself. So it must needs be that Will's richly deserved admission to *Starlight* is posthumous.

Give him a couple of young folks sitting around his desk in the office or around his couch at home and Will Griffith was happy. "Tell it to the next generation," he had scribbled on a leaf of his personal notebook.

Will loved Illinois in general and Egypt in particular. Although born in Terre Haute, Indiana, October 2, 1889, he always felt that he belonged to Illinois. "My father went to Terre Haute, the metropolis for Paris, Illinois, to work; so I was born there—by accident."

Two sisters, Lavina and Joanna Goode, married William Burrow Griffith and Henry W. Coughanour in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, about 1830. When William B. Griffith drove to Oscaloosa, Iowa, to see his first grandchild, he passed through Terre Haute, Indiana, and crossed the black soil of the Wabash Valley. He later told how he had remarked to his companion, "I'm going back to Pennsylvania and bring my family here." In 1850 the Griffiths and Coughanours fulfilled that vow. Deacon Henry W. Coughanour came on southwestward to settle in Carbondale and for many years lived at 304 South University Avenue and later, on Snyder Cemetery Hill southeast of Carbondale. His daughter, Josephine, became Mrs. Eustice Patten. A son, George, operated a dry goods store in Dongola.

Will's grandfather liked Edgar County and there, two miles west of the village of Paris, he built a home. Because it became a popular resting place for others westward bound, it soon became known as Griffith's Two-mile House. The old house still stands at the junction of highways 133 and 16.

William Albert Griffith was the youngest of eleven children. Consequently his son, Will Lester Griffith, was much younger than all his cousins. He always felt that this fact, and his having no brothers or sisters, had a decided influence on his disposition. He early learned to entertain himself and became a prodigious reader, a reader of books far beyond his age.

Will had a keen mind for mathematics, dates, and places. After finishing grade and high school in Terre Haute at sixteen, he entered Rose Polytechnical Institute. At the close of his second year Will quit college and continued his education in his own way. He had originally intended to be a civil engineer, and during his college years he had summer employment in the Maintenance of Ways Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He was only eighteen when he went into the office supply business for himself.

Distinctly discernable in Will's appearance and disposition were the two strains of lineage, Irish on his mother's side and Welsh on his father's. His mother was Delia Diskin, born in Chesterfield, England, of Irish parentage. Her father, Thomas Diskin, was a "colliery boss," and her mother was Mary Ellen Butler Diskin, "born in Barneydargh, Galway." The family came to America on the maiden voyage of the "City of Paris" when Delia was five years old. She had dark brown eyes. Her son's sky-blue eyes were the mark of the Welsh upon him, along with the ruddy complexion. He loved the old Welsh and Irish songs. He played the piano, violin and mandolin.

Will Griffith and Katharine Quick Bicknell were married in Indianapolis, Indiana, on July 29, 1921. From that time to the day of his death, May 24, 1950, they shared interests and activities, work and pleasures, the "better" and the "worse." He was always ready to help with anything, no matter how trivial or how big, if his wife was interested in it. Will and Katharine Griffith were truly working partners.

From 1916 through 1925 Will traveled Southern Illinois for the Commercial Lithographing Company of Louisville, Kentucky, selling bank supplies. During those days, before the hard roads were built, he said, "I made my towns anyway I could get there—freight trains, driving, or rowing if necessary." He used to tell of an experience he had while waiting for a connection at Parker City. Both he and another man were impatiently pacing the tracks. Finally getting into conversation, the other man said, "You may be surprised to know I've just bought five thousand acres around here." Will exploded, "For Mercy's sake, what for?" The stranger replied, "Oh, I only paid a dollar an acre for it, and I figure it's worth that to hold the rest of the world together." Later Will learned that the man,

W. S. Blatchley, Indiana state geologist from 1896 to 1910, was buying for the Bethlehem Steel Corporation who were planning fluor spar mining.

With that story Will liked to illustrate the valuation he put on his beloved Egypt. "Nobody knows what we'll find here yet," he always prophesied, "and we'll hold the rest of the world together with our good old pioneer stock if all else goes haywire."

Griffith published telephone directories from 1924 through 1938, meantime operating the Griffith-Norris Printing Company in Indianapolis and the Milroy Press. The latter was a weekly newspaper. The metropolitan newspapers frequently quoted from Will's column facetiously called the "League of Notions." In 1935 he went to Quincy, Illinois, finding this a better center from which to operate the directory business, and there established the state magazine known as the *Illinois Quest*. The publication was along historical lines, each issue featuring a different county. Of Will's writings in this periodical and others, the late Oliver Barrett said, "Will always gets a fascinating, odd slant on things."

When the *Illinois Quest* became a World War II casualty, for some time Griffith did free lance writing. Then following the early love, he returned to Southern Illinois. Here, many prominent leaders who knew his interest and abilities, among them Dr. Richard L. Beyer, Brigadier-General William McAndrew, Jim Mitchell, and President Roscoe Pulliam, kept urging him to use his talents for the promotion of Egypt. He was more than willing to do so—but how? Finally the inspiration came and the Egyptian Key was founded. The first issue came out in March, 1943, a month after Gen. McAndrew's death, to Will's great disappointment, because "Mac" had been both prodder and helper. He furnished many of the pictures used in the first issues.

"It's *our* magazine! It's the first time anyone ever planted his feet and stood up for Southern Illinois," said one reader. So, carrying on the idea of promoting Egypt, Will next founded the Greater Egypt Association in September, 1945, with the help of other friends who believed in his ideas.

He often laughingly called himself an idea factory and wished he had more promotional ability. He freely gave of his ideas and his knowledge to others, younger or older, but was always thrilled when the youth came to him "to talk about something." He tried to put a solid foundation under the young persons he contacted and guide them to *think*. His own logical mind and amazing memory were unique.

Will took great pride in the accomplishments of the Greater Egypt Association. During the "Festival of Egypt" in October, 1948, he and the Association directors staged the longest parade in the history of "the country." It extended from Metropolis, on the east side of Egypt, to Chester, on the west, with a rest over night at Crab Orchard Industrial Area. The line of march celebrated and followed, as nearly as possible, George Rogers Clark's trek of 1778. Although it rained in torrents the second day, Will's enthusiasm was not dampened.

He liked nothing better than to show the Greater Egypt Association's color film of beauty spots and historic sites in Egypt to some assembly and sell his listeners thoroughly on Southern Illinois, be they natives, newcomers, or strangers.

While in the office supply business in Terre Haute, Will had belonged to the Rotary Club and in recent years was an active member in Carbondale.

Like any other normal man, Will had his pet peeves. " 'Little Egypt' was the fan dancer of her day at the World's Fair of 1893. There is a good historical reason why our area is called 'Egypt' and the old nickname should be used with affection and respect," he would explain, and request the offender to "please forget the 'Little'!" He was greatly irritated, too, by individual stupidity and mass indifference. He felt that Egypt's people are capable of doing all that is needed for the area were it not for inertia. He wanted people to plan and to do in a big way. "All it takes to improve a community is for someone to stir up the pot," he said.

The enduring monument to Will Griffith's memory is a better understanding of our beloved Egypt, rich in history, folklore, and scenic spots of surpassing beauty. It now remains for Katharine and a host of friends to carry on the good work so well begun and so untimely left.

* * * *

An entire city and area were shocked and have been saddened by the untimely passing of one of the leading citizens.

This is a time when memories press in upon us, memories that are rich and varied. For Mr. Griffith

Griffith tells the story of the Rose Hotel at Elizabethtown to members of Ill. Fed. Women's Clubs, whom he led on a 2 day tour of Egypt in May, 1948.

leaves to us and to his friends in many places a legacy of friendly inspiration and enrichment that will not be forgotten. We may in fact say about him, first of all, that he was a great friend, a hale and hearty friend. In his work as leader and planner he met people in all walks of life and in many places, and wherever he went he soon found those who were glad to claim him as one of their own and to be associated with him. So it was that his circle of friends and acquaintanceship grew continually and he came to be widely recognized through his work.

His position among his fellow-men was a quite unusual one. He was the dreamer of a dream. He had a vision for the future of an entire area. He gave his thought and energies with unwearying devotion to that dream and that vision. Because of his faith and his efforts the dream caught on, and it came to life in the minds of a large number of his fellow-citizens. In relatively few years the dream began to bear fruit. The harvest began to increase. And it will not, of course, end now. It will continue. To an unusual degree, Mr. Griffith invested his life in the future. One can hardly help speculate and wonder how many citizens of the future will be influenced and helped by his self-giving to that dream.

All this is merely the mention of a large subject. It is not possible—and it is not necessary—to try to summarize it here. Let it suffice merely to add this testimony to him as a man. He believed in the good life both for himself and for his fellow-men. He believed in the Christian ideals that lift man above the level of the clod and make him lift his face upward, toward God. He was a man of abiding religious faith. He had need of that faith during a trying illness of many months and during the closing days of his earthly sojourn. And it was a matter of particular gratitude to us to see that he was sustained by an unfaltering trust. His reliance, in a word, was upon God, with all that means for this brief earthly span and for the eternity that lies ahead.

For his accomplishments and his service to others we pay him the sincere tribute of our hearts. For the qualities of his spirit we remember him, and shall remember, with admiration and gratitude. The words of Sacred Scripture come to mind:

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, yea from henceforth, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors.

In loving memory,
His minister, William Janssen
First Presbyterian Church, Carbondale, Illinois

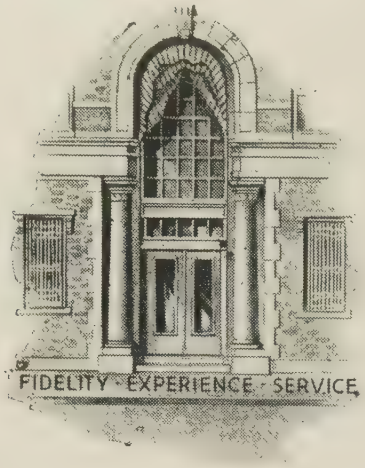
TO EGYPT

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

Dedicated to Will Griffith

Oh Egypt, have thou done with little dreams
And little men that dream them—
Today is the day of infinite schemes,
Find thou the men to scheme them.
Make thy sky-ways crossroads of the world
For all the winged giants of the air—
Build thou thy highways like ribbon unfurled
To join thy peoples everywhere.
Build thou power lines with copper sheen
To free our menfolk from the land—
Deepen thy rivers where shallows, lean,
Ensnare thy tugboats in shifting sand.
Speed straight thy railways with burdens swift
Clicking to thy harbors and the sea.
Oh dream thou greater dreams, oh Egypt,
Now each man is blood-bought free.
Bow down thy head in thy great plan
Give thou thanks to an Almighty God—
For without His gift of wisdom to man
The greatest of dreamers were but a clod.

The partners in one corner of the EGYPTIAN KEY office.



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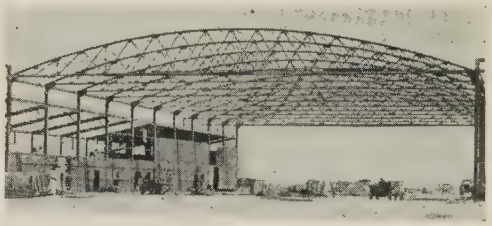

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Study By the Late Cliff Grindle

Who Is This Man?

By LILLIAN GODDARD HASTINGS

WHO is this man? What does he see? Where is he now? Is he lonely, disillusioned or dead? All he is to us is a photographic study in black and white, and yet he tells a story by asking a question.

Who is this man? He could be a preacher, a lawyer, a doctor, a minister, or a teacher. He might be a farmer, a politician, or a millionaire. Yet, to us, he is none of these. Instead, he is a traveler, a man who has given up thoughts of personal benefaction to search diligently for a better way. He's taken many paths, not all conclude with Dead End.

Look at him. His eyes, embedded in waves of wrinkles by the years, are transfixed in apparent wonderment. His nose is sturdy as an ancient strongbox, braced to suffer man's ingratitude. His mouth is gathered into "Why?" folds, waiting for the answer. His ear is curved into forgetfulness—cupped to shut out disappointments.

He is a traveler, but what does he see? He sees all walks of life—the derelict, the drunk, the bum, the prostitute. He recognizes that the bad, the useless, the devastating, overshadow the good, the helpful, the uplifting aspects of life. He inspects the days of the fearless frontier when life was sold for a song, a dance, and a spin of the roulette wheel. His eyes recall the turn of the century when men used cut-throat tactics to obtain business monopolies. He perceives the foot soldier in France in World War I. He beholds the daze of prohibition with its bath tub gin and speak-easy establishments. He does not overlook the "Roarin' Twenties," as champagne flows in the streets and gnaws away men's brains. He watches the failure of the League of Nations. He stares when Wall Street brokers leap from the upper floors of office buildings during the crash of '29. He witnesses bread lines during the depression of the '30's and women laboring in sweat shops. He discerns Mussolini marching on Ethiopia. He sees the missionary laughed upon in foreign fields of service. He descries the headlines: "U. S. Declares World War II." He glimpses the newsreels showing the concentration horror-camps, the atom bomb tests, and therapy hospitals for veterans minus legs, arms, sight, spirit, and even heart. He surveys the UN conferences, meetings, conventions, and sees no progress. He views strikes, walk-outs, and gangster mobs. He kens murder, rape, and suicide.

This man is lonely, for he seeks the truth. He seeks the answers to: "What, when, where, and why?" He's asking you now. Can you tell him? If you are not afraid, and will not shrink from him, take his hand and go together to a better way.

He is still whistling.

Egyptorials

SESQUICENTENNIAL

THE Indiana Territory sesquicentennial has a peculiar significance for the people of Egypt. In 1800, when Indiana Territory was separated from the Northwest Territory, the first wave of American settlers was moving into Egypt where the population of Illinois was to be concentrated until 1830.

Prior to 1800 there had been much traffic across Southern Illinois: from Kentucky across to the Southeast Missouri area where settlements were already established, and down-river from the French posts of Kaskaskia and Cahokia all the way to New Orleans, with the homeward trek usually made overland, up the Natchez trace and northward through Egypt to the home post. Some of George Rogers Clark's men settled in the Illinois country after 1778, and in 1781 the first families arrived at what was to be the New Design settlement. But Indian uprisings prevented any real settlers' movement from the seaboard states until after the final great Indian defeat at the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794. Treaty negotiations then followed in which the Indians, little by little, ceded their lands to the Americans and were pushed farther and farther westward. Treaties covering western and southern Illinois were still being negotiated in 1809, but already the settlers had moved in, even though they could not claim valid title to the land.

The Illinois people were always eager to push ahead. Some of the first settlers, such as the William Boon and the Pulliam families, had already been in the Missouri country, trading, working in the lead mines, or farming under the generous Spanish land grant system. The Illinois people were among the first to urge that Indiana Territory advance to the second grade of territorial government. And then feeling, with considerable justification, that William Henry Harrison, governor of the Indiana Territory, was ignoring the Illinois people when he passed out appointments and patronage, they fought for separation from Indiana. Illinois became a separate territory in 1809.

The people of Illinois can celebrate the Indiana Territory sesquicentennial as rightfully as can the people of Indiana. Indeed for Illinois, and particularly for the people of Egypt, it has a double significance, for the turn of the century coincided with the first wave of settlers directly from, or decended from the people of, the old Tidewater South of Virginia and the Carolinas.

MURDALE

Negotiations are now under way to include Murdale Airport as a scheduled stop on the Parks Air Lines proposed transport route from East St. Louis to Memphis, Tennessee. This route will include East St. Louis, Cape Girardeau, Cairo, Dyersburg, (Tennessee), and Memphis. Connections would be made in East St. Louis with the Grain Belt route, covering Springfield, Decatur, Champaign-Urbana and Chicago.

While Murdale charter service direct to Springfield requires only an hour and fifteen minutes, the transport route via East St. Louis would require approximately two hours. However, this is a considerable saving over the average private auto driving time and a still greater saving of time as compared to bus or train travel. Air transport time to Decatur would be about two and a half hours, to Champaign-Urbana about two hours and fifty minutes, to Chicago about four hours.

Not only would air transport service facilitate passenger travel from the Murdale area, but it would furnish direct air mail service to points on the route, and it would speed up air mail service to more distant points by perhaps as much as a day.

The southern route from East St. Louis to Memphis is not yet in operation. Parks Air Lines has indicated that it would be willing to make Murdale a regular stop on the proposed route if C.A.A. approval could be obtained. Now is the time to secure such approval, before the line is in operation and flight schedules, rates, etc., set up. Certainly Murdale, equipped with all necessary facilities for handling transport service and located in an area not too plentifully supplied with train and bus service, should be included in the transport route.

Citizens of Egypt should support the drive to gain air transport service. One very effective way of doing this is to address letters to the Civil Aeronautics Administration, Washington, D. C., declaring the need for, and requesting such service.

CONSIDER THIS SERIOUSLY

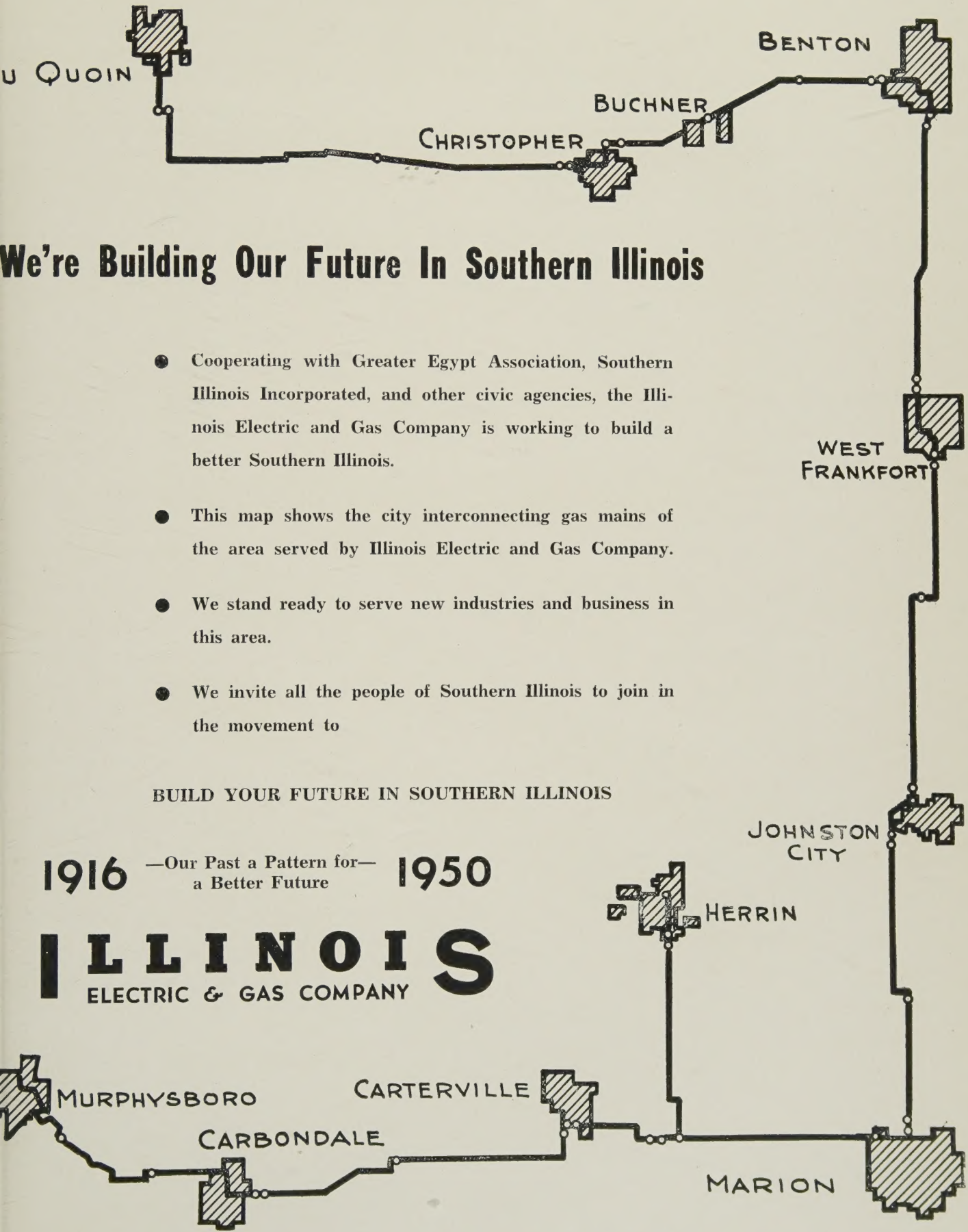
Currently there is a strong movement toward placing the H-bomb plant in Egypt. It would mean increased employment, although many of the engineers, physicists and other experts would have to be imported. It would also mean that Egypt would become the number one A-bomb target in case of enemy attack.

It would mean placing Egypt under U. S. government surveillance and supervision. It would mean restriction of movement; passes and inspection would be required of anyone entering or leaving the area.

It would mean that when the plant closed Egypt would face the problem of re-absorbing the H-bomb plant workers into the general economy.

Without the H-bomb plant Egypt is in position to bid for the permanent, constructive industry that is now looking for a location outside the A-bomb attack danger points.

Atomic experts agree that H-bomb work has only destructive ends in view. Atomic research has peace-time applications, but H-bomb research aims primarily at the killing, the maiming, the terrorization of human beings, with destruction of property as a secondary aim. If it is necessary to the life of the nation that the H-bomb plant be in Egypt then few will object. But there are sparsely populated areas in the United States where it would not endanger thousands of citizens.



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